

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

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THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commander.

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A MAIDEN'S COURAGE AND SACRIFICE.

(See page 15.)

CUTLETS FROM CONTEMPORARIES

COLONY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

How the Madleigh Pedagogue Teaches Lessons.

The children are happy. The excellent discipline maintained by the Headmaster is of that helpful character which is the result of mutual understanding and esteem. The master loves his children; the children respect the teacher. The dread of the cane has no part in the maintenance of order, and the punishment book is a dreary blank. The religious atmosphere of the place is strong. On a recent occasion the County Inspector was visiting the place when a terrible storm broke over the village. The place was plunged in darkness in the middle of the afternoon, the windows were blown open by the force of the wind and the rain, lightning played about the building, and there was every excuse for a crowd of little children to show signs of terror and panic.

In a few words Major Collins spoke of the good Hand of God over His little ones, told of the Father's care for the sparrows, and His love for children, and showed how no harm could come to them without His knowing of it. The rising fears of the children were stilled, and lessons went on as though nothing had happened.

The Inspector went away greatly impressed, and has not yet ceased to talk to other schools of what was to him a wonderful object lesson in the discipline of love and the power of religion.

The school was opened on January 1, 1903, with room for ninety-nine scholars. That number has been continually exceeded, and the average attendance has maintained an excellent total of well over ninety-six per cent, during the years the school has been in existence.—*Social Gazette.*

LISTEN TO THE STORM BELLS.

An Analogy and a Lesson.

In the Tauern Mountains of Austria some remarkable bells are hung on the summit of the peaks. No human hand ever rings them. Silent and dumb they hang there in the sunshine; but when the storm-wind comes they begin to swing and then to peal, and their chimes are heard by the inhabitants far down below in the valley as the warning of an approaching storm.

There are two things that are worthy of mention about these inhabitants. They have put the bells on the mountains practically beyond human reach, and they listen and heed when they ring. What we all must do if we would be conquerors in temptation is to give ourselves up to God for obedience, prayer and faith, not in passive but aggressive warfare for Him and the world's salvation—put ourselves in God's hands as the inhabitants of Tauern put the bells on the mountains, and then go down to fight the battles in the valleys of sin.

They not only place the bells up there, but they listen for their ringing, and then prepare for the storm.

On the mountains of our consecration

God has placed bells that are rung by no human hands, but by Him alone. When temptation comes, whether in the form of a sorrow, a difficulty, an infirmity, a trial, an opposition, a persecution, or anything else from the world, the flesh or the devil then God's bell starts ringing.—*New York Cry.*

NATURE'S MUSICAL BOX.

Water as a Music Maker.

Water was the first element of the organ in times past. The Greeks had a water-clock, in which the dripping of water told the time. A clever clock-maker improved it by constructing a flute, through which the air was driven by wheels turned by the dripping water. This flute sounded the hours. A musician thereupon experimented with a box of flutes, driven by dropping water, and gradually slides, keys, strings, and all the rest of the organ evolved, but for a thousand years all organs had water in them as a matter of course.

The North American Indians made their drums too with water in them. The hide of the buffalo was sewed up so as to make an enormous bag, and this was partly filled with water. Beating with immense drumsticks caused the water to splash and sing most pleasingly to the savage ear.

Not only water as water, but water as ice and steam, produces musical notes. Anyone who has heard a steam radiator execute a solo will agree to that, not to speak of the time-honored tune of the boiling kettle. And as for ice, one careful experimenter asserts that all skaters and sliders can know they are safe on the glassy sheet if it sings bass, but the moment it sings above C natural it is dangerous. This is because the thinner the ice the quicker its vibration, and the higher, consequently, its musical note. Bandmen and songsters—if Salvationists can find time to skate and slide—will know that *basso profundo* ice is safe, but a tenor solo is a note of warning.—*Bandman and Songster.*

A GRATEFUL PRISONER.

An Incident from Bloemfontein.

Ensign Symons relates a pleasing incident that took place on the occasion of one of his recent visits. After the usual service, one of the prisoners stepped forward, saying he had obtained permission to ask him to accept a small token of love and appreciation from the men, and at the same time handed him a parcel. On reaching home the Ensign found it to contain a photo of The General in his robes as Doctor of Civil Law, cut from a recent issue of the "War Cry," and framed in several different kinds of wood, lathed with ivory.

The authorities grant every possible facility to our officers. Not only is good work being accomplished through the services held, but permission has recently been granted to visit the cells, where many opportunities are afforded of personal dealing.—*South African Cry.*

TRUE PRAYER.

If praying in accordance with God's will is all that is necessary to make sure of having our prayers answered, why should not the drunkard pray for release from his awful habit and be sure of a favourable answer? There are many drunkards and other sinners, who pray for power to overcome their sins and yet do not succeed. Surely, God desires that they should?

Can we be quite sure of that? God does certainly desire that all sinners should turn from all sin and live in communion with Him by the grace of Christ, but it does not follow that God wishes to save a drunkard or any other sinner from the particular sin which is causing him trouble, until the sinner is willing to submit himself to God in all things. What God wants is that the sinner should come to repentance and a change of heart,

"SET THE CLOCK RIGHT."

Not to Be Had.

A story is told of a coloured man who came to a watchmaker and gave him the two hands of a clock, saying: "I want 'yer to fix up dese hands; dey jes done keep no mo time for mor den ses munfs."

"Where is the clock?" asked the watchmaker.

"Out in de house on Injun Creek," was the answer.

"But I must have the clock," replied the other.

"Didn't I tell yer dere's nuffin de matter wid de clock, 'ceptin' de hands, and I done brought 'em to you? You jes want de clock so you kin tinkar wid it, and charge me a big price; gimme back dem hands." So saying, he went off to find some "reasonable" watchmaker.

Foolish as he was, his action was very like that of those who try to regulate their conduct without being made right inside. They go wrong, but refuse to believe that the trouble is with their heart. "For out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts," etc.—*Under the Colours.*

WITH THE SLUM CHILDREN.

An Outing in Epping Forest.

Then there was "Jimmy," a little cripple child, with tiny sticks of legs and an ill-shapen body. But he had such a beautiful pair of trustful blue eyes. He told me that his mother was dead, and his father took care of him and his little brother and sister.

He was carried carefully from the station by his mates, who secured a donkey and gave him a ride round the field.

Swinging, skipping and donkey-riding—the happy morning soon sped, and at the sound of the dinner-bell everybody dropped upon the grass while the Officers distributed the large meat pies that had been provided, and the photographer walked round taking their pictures.

The little ones who had had pennies given them visited the fruit stall and patronised the old women with their baskets of penny treasures. Two little girls told me that they both had one penny, and were each going to put a halfpenny towards buying a doll, and keep the other for sweets. Oh, what a demand there was for dolls! When the races came on they were given as first prizes to the girls, and some of you who have toy cupboards full of waxen beauties—perhaps unloved and useless—would have been surprised to see how these mites loved their penny dolls.

The favourite toy among the boys was a mouth-organ, while toy nail-cars, engines, balls, and trumpets, were also given to the successful runners.

But, as a rule, there is little time for play in the little slum-dweller's life. "Farver's out of work," or "in the 'ospital, and I 'elps mother make

and if his drunkenness or some other outbreaking sin can be used as a means of making him feel his need of a complete change of heart, it is much better for him that he should not get rid of that particular sin until he is ready to seek forgiveness and overcoming grace for all the sinfulness of his heart.

Many a drunkard pleads and pleads for power to resist temptation to drink, and pleads in vain because his prayer is purely a selfish one. He is not honestly seeking reconciliation with God and grace to serve God. He is only seeking deliverance from a habit which brings him into trouble and wretchedness.

That is not a true prayer at all. True prayer is a yearning after God. "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you," Jesus said, "ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." Abiding in Christ and

boxes," is a frequent story, and the Officer told of one baby girl only two years of age who helped her mother make bones for corsets. Her work was fixing the bone into the socket, and she had learned to do it quite quickly.

On this happy day, however, all the troubles and trials were forgotten. —*British "Young Soldier."*

LINGUIST IN DIFFICULTIES.

An Anti-Suicide Case.

Among the most recent applicants for assistance at the International Anti-Suicide Bureau is a young man who not long since arrived in this country from Germany.

He is an accomplished linguist, being able to speak no fewer than seven different European languages. He came to England with the object of perfecting his English, and, if possible, obtaining a situation in a London office.

Unable to find employment, he had for weeks been walking about the streets, selling some of his clothes in order to buy food, and trying also to keep up a respectable appearance.

When he came to our bureau he had been four days and nights without food or shelter.

We communicated with his people, he in the meantime being sent to Middlesex Street Shelter, and they despatched sufficient money to enable him to pay the arrears of his rent, and to go home.

Almost immediately after the receipt of the money, however, the young man walked into Lieut.-Col. Unsworth's office with the glad tidings that he had obtained a situation in London at a salary of £3 per week. He was, of course, full of gratitude for our timely advice and sympathy.—*British War Cry.*

WAITING FOR POWER.

A Lesson from a Lark.

An author has a little fable, in one of his latest works, about a baby lark asking its mother to teach it to fly. The mother thought hard about this, she herself had learnt to fly long years, but all she could recall was, you see, clearly do it. "Wait till the sun comes out after rain," she said, half-remembering. The rain came and glued the birds' wings together. "I shall never be able to fly," it wailed. Then of a sudden it had to blink its eyes, for a glorious light had spread over the world. The baby bird's breast swelled, and it fluttered to the ground. Then power seemed to come to it out of the sun, and it soared in the thin air.—*Field Officer.*

All forms of gambling having been prohibited on the Rio Grand Railway, passengers have invented a new game, played with two pieces of sugar placed about a foot apart. The owner of the piece that attracts the first fly is the winner and receives the stakes.

having his word abide in us means that we are living the Christ life, and that is a life of consecration to the service of God, and it is only in proportion as we are trying to live that and desires that weaken his faith.

The man who wants God's help in his conflict with sin, must be willing to surrender all sin, and he must be able to fight for liberty as well as pray for it. He must watch against temptations and against the thoughts ad desires that weaken His faith.

Similarly, in prayers for others, if we are to have faith, if we are to pray in accordance with God's will, we must not only pray but act. The Christian Church might have prayed for the conversion of the heathen world, if it had not put forth some of its strength and endeavoured itself to lift the heathen up to Christ.

The Praying League

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

Special Prayer Subject: Pray for the Anniversary Councils in Winnipeg.

Sunday, November 10.—Great Opportunity. Esther vi. 1-7.

Monday, November 11.—Exulting Too Soon. Esther v. 1-14.

Tuesday, November 12.—Kept Awake By God. Esther vi. 1-11.

Wednesday, November 13.—The Bitter Bitten. Esther vii. 2-12.

Thursday, November 14.—Mischievous Undone. Esther viii. 15-17; ix. 1-22; x. 3.

Friday, November 15.—Stroke Upon Stroke. Job i. 1-10.

Saturday, November 16.—Trust Victorious. Job i. 20-22; ii. 3-10; v. 6-27.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF AND MRS. BOOTH'S SILVER WEDDING.

They Stand on the Historic Spot Where, Twenty-five Years Ago, They Plighted Their Troth Under the Flag.

THE meetings in connection with the celebration of the silver wedding of the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth at the Congress Hall Clapton, were remarkably successful. The British Cry says:

It was no new thing for a mixed throng of several thousand people to march on Clapton from all directions, with the Congress Hall as its Mecca but the present occasion was in every sense unique.

A quarter of a century had elapsed since those same roads were crowded with those who gathered to witness the uniting, under the glorious Old Flag, of the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Bramwell Booth, and now, after twenty-five summers and winters had come and gone—a quarter of a century well spent in the service of God and humanity—the bridegroom of that day was to mark his sense of the importance of the occasion by meeting and speaking to old and new comrades, friends, and strangers.

"War Cry" readers will, therefore, regard with little wonder the statement that the outburst of affectionate greeting with which the vast congregation welcomed the two Leaders as they, ac-

companied by their bonny daughters and sturdy sons, and surrounded by a large staff, took their places on the platform, was infinitely more hearty and far less easy to suppress than that accorded to many of the world's greatest figures.

Passing of the Years.

It was worth looking over such a crowd, and the Chief eyed it with evident interest and satisfaction. Salvationists who had been there on the memorable day, the anniversary of which was now being celebrated, were there again. Men's beards might be tinged with white, and their foreheads much higher than of yore, and the one-time Hallelujah Lassies were now comely matrons; but the heart fires were undampened, and the glow of a second youth could be traced on many a cheek no longer young. Salvation does a big lot for those who get it, and infinitely more for those who walk in its enjoyment!

Then there were present hosts of others who had never even seen the flutter of the Flag when the Chief was wed, but who since then had enlisted, and put in their twenty, ten,

or five years' service beneath its folds, and were now there to show by their presence Whose they are and for Whom they stand.

The night-or-two-old convert was also there. All unused as yet to his new surroundings, but straightening himself out with visible effort as he looked up into the face of the, to him, hitherto unknown Chief, and tried to get into sympathetic touch with the things discoursed upon—new values hitherto by him unknown!

The Chief made early reference to the event which was the occasion of the gathering. Glancing lightly back upon the never-to-be-forgotten day, "with its difficulties for a young and bashful man such as he," he went on to explain how the goodness of God to him and his wife in the intervening years had led them to seize this opportunity of standing on the same spot and re-declaring themselves as on His side."

Mrs. Booth, in radiant health and brimful of happiness, read Psalm lxxxix, dwelling with much feeling on the words, "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord," and telling her hearers that in looking back over the many pages of her life's history which had

been written since the morning to which the Chief had made reference, she could say of every leaf, that—

"Mercy is all that's written there."

"On that morning," she went on to say, "with my responsibilities before me, I trusted in the mercy of God. I trusted in the Chief, of course"—and the words were accompanied with a smile and a glance Chief-wards which meant much—"but I needed more than that—I trusted in God, and He has not failed me." Of even the darkness and difficulty and hardships which laid her, Mrs. Booth had nothing but good to say; "for," declared she, "some of my most lasting blessings have come out of sorrow."

God's Faithfulness.

The great crowd hung upon her words. Here, of course, was none of the levity which in other walks is associated with the celebration of marriage anniversaries, but a Christian lady, a tender wife and devoted mother, bearing witness out of a glad heart to the unwavering faithfulness of the God whose glory she had put first in her choice of a husband, and whose

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I THINK I see an old man tottering down the centre path of the hill-side cemetery—so bright in its spring-tide green, and in its silent mission!

On the right of him and on the left are the costly monuments of the wealthy, mingled with the mournful quality of the grave, with the humble tokens of affection and the nameless mounds of the unknown. Ah, if those stones had language, what stories they might tell! What blighted hopes they cover! What agony of sorrow, what bitterness of remorse they could reveal!

A narrow side-path leads to an especially crowded corner. There is evidently no difficulty in finding it. Many times multiplied by many, those faltering feet have trodden that little grass-worn track. Finally, the spot is reached, no special decoration marks the grave. The stone seems even more weather-bitten than the rest. The old man flings aside his hat and stick, and, throwing himself upon the grassy mound, clasps the cold stone with his trembling arms and places his furrowed cheek against the long-since faded lettering. Tears, such as had often before watered the memories of that spot chase each other down his face. Again he pauses to kiss the stone, and again and yet again, as though he would fain press life in upon the very emblems of death by the agony of his love.

Finally, he rises, turns sorrowfully, and hesitatingly retraces his steps towards what to him must be a desolate home indeed!

The spring flowers had faded, the autumn leaves were falling through the quiet air, strewing the grass and

pathway—the same form, a little more bent; the same step, a little slower; the same spot, gilded by the rays of the setting sun. Again the hat and stick are flung aside; again the cheek is pressed against the grave-stone; again the tears fall fast upon the grass. The minutes lengthen into hours, the sun disappears in a quivering mass of golden glory. The moon casts her beams upon the spot, the last mourner has left the garden of death, but the old man rises not. The breezes play through the silvery locks and beard, as though seeking to kiss away his sorrow, and the birds, with early morning, twitter their songs of sympathy, but the silent figure heeds them not.

Death's angel through those silent hours had visited the cemetery; had tinkled in union with her in Heaven him who had trodden so long the suffering path of separation. The longing heart was satisfied; the tears were dried; love's faithfulness was crowned; earth's solitude forsaken. A shining form, with angel face, instead of a cold grave-stone; joy in place of sorrow; eternal companionship for loneliness; eternal riches for poverty; gladness for tears.

Another cemetery spreads itself before me. One place I mark. Toward it my feet hasten. My heart beats as I draw near. I remember the first time I ventured. I had no courage, no merit. I hardly knew my way. But finally I reached the spot; a

huge stone covered the grave. It was the Rock of Ages!

In tears of agony and desolation of despair; in longing only born of well-nigh hopelessness, I flung myself upon its rugged strength. I cried aloud. I told the earth and skies, and even Hell, if Hell should care to listen, how bad I was—my sin unpardoned, my transgressions uncovered, temptations to conquering chains bound close and strong about me, the past so dark beneath the clouds of God's sad face, the future darker still by sense of helplessness—despairing of myself, no confidence in God.

But clinging to that Rock, I noticed that a monument of love divine rose from its summit. A wondrous thing; so high, so grand, so beautiful, that all the world, methought, could see, and seeing once, must fall and worship there! It was a cross! Rough cut and rugged against the sky. 'Tis true, but beautiful beyond expression all the same!

And love and mercy linked their nail-pierced hands and led me where my very arms could twine about the feet of Him who died and made a grave to be the birthplace of the lost and sorrowful, of sinners such as I.

And I found Him there upon that grave—Christ the Crucified. And long He talked to me of all the love and yearning that had filled His heart while I had wandered, caring not, drinking deep of sin's fast-fleet-

ing pleasures and thinking not of coming night.

And since that day my life is changed—all changed—and ever in that Calvary cemetery I would abide and linger by that grave from which a risen Lord comes forth in blessed revelation to comfort and to strengthen me.

But this is not His will. He bids me speed my footsteps and bring other souls as needy, as sorrowful, as deeply-dyed by sin's dark stain as any yet who have visited that sacred spot that their burdens may be taken their sins forgiven, their Heaven secured.

And so I would invite you, sinner or backslider—all who are weary and heavy-laden, to visit with me that place where all the world can come, and still there is room for more. Bring your sorrows, bring your burdens, bring your guilt, bring your controversies and perplexities, your struggles and disappointments, your hopes and aspirations. Lay aside the staff of this world's subtleties, throw your arms in consecration around Calvary's Cross, and prove with me that sin shall be forgiven, that grace sufficient shall be added, that sorrow shall flee, and from out of the tomb of your contrition and repentance shall come the shining form. Him whose name is Jesus, whose nature is love, whose ability to you is as great as His desire, shall become your all in all—make you a conqueror here, carry you triumphantly through death's valley and beyond the tomb, and finally enable you with joy unspeakable and of glory, to commemorate love's coronation in Heaven.

Love's Decoration.

BY THE CONSUL.

Soul-Saving Work in Toronto.

5,000 Persons Knelt at the Mercy Seat in One Year.

No. 1. Corps in a New Home.

Another evidence of the flourishing state of The Salvation Army in the City of Toronto, was afforded by the opening of a new Hall in Queen St. West, last Thursday evening, October 24th. As in the early days of The Army, if we cannot do a thing one way we try another, and the No. 1. Corps affords a striking example of our efforts in this direction. Deprived of their former small Hall, they carried on an aggressive War in the open-air. Then they secured a site of land and erected a tent, and the campaign went on with unabated vigour. Many can date their spiritual birth to the meetings conducted there, and some of them are Candidates for Officership. For the winter months, however, something more substantial than a tent is required, and so our comrades cast about for a building. Unable, as yet, to erect one of their own, they did the next best thing, and rented a large store, which was soon fitted up as a meeting room. Some of the men Cadets gave their assistance in this matter and laboured hard to make things comfortable for their Soldier comrades.

The Opening.

On the opening night, Brigadier Taylor, accompanied by a number of Cadets, came down to conduct the meeting. About two hundred people gathered in the new Hall—a typical Salvation Army crowd, just the sort that we are after, and they listened with interest and no little appreciation to all that was said. All entered heartily into the simple service and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, for they clapped their hands, laughed and sang and applauded as if to say to all that they were genuinely glad that The Salvation Army was conquering its difficulties and had made up its mind to stay amongst them and do them good. The startling announcement was made by Brigadier Taylor that five thousand souls had knelt at Army Penitent-forms in Toronto, alone, during the year 1906, a sure sign that there is something stirring in our ranks to-day and that the aggressiveness of our people is on the increase. A few of the No. 1. Soldiers testified, amongst those who spoke, being an old man who was a drunkard for forty years, until The Army brought salvation to him. Sergeant Humphries said some hopeful and stirring words, and urged her Brigade of Cadets to fight valiantly while they were attached to the Corps. Captain Peacock, the Officer in charge, expressed her gratitude to God for the opportunity they now had of saving sinners, and urged her Soldiers to stand true.

Captain Weir, of the Training Home Staff, also spoke, and the Brigadier brought the proceedings to a close with a lively and spirited address, urging the unconverted to seek God.—S. A. C.

Colonel Nurani recently dedicated a beautiful barracks in Chambanvali, in the Nanjunada Division, and dedicated a number of babies under the Flag.

Staff-Captain Easton.

One of Headquarters Hidden Toilers, and a Very Musical One Withal.



Staff-Captain Easton.

ONE of the prettiest and most poetical incidents at the recent Massey Hall memorial service was the white-robed choir, consisting of one hundred little girls. Their well-trained singing and the precision and grace with which they went through their allotted parts were very charming.

They were trained by Staff-Captain Easton of The General Secretary's Department, one of the Territorial Headquarters' hidden toilers, upon whom it is good at times to direct the spot-light of publicity.

The Staff-Captain hails from the Town of Lindsay, Ont., and it was here that she first saw the Salvation Army. Captain and Mrs. Frearer were in charge of the corps at that time, and as Miss Florence Easton saw them march down the street, patiently enduring all manner of persecution and insults, she imagined in her childish mind that they must be visitors from another world who had come to try and make people good. Disturbances used to be frequent in the meetings then, and Florence often used to go as near as she dared to the hall to see what was going on. She well remembers one night, when a champion wrestler came to try and upset a converted pugilist and got thrown down the stairs as a result. On Sundays Miss Easton sang in the church choir, and one morning she suggested to a fellow-chorister that they should go to the Holiness meeting at the Army. It so happened that the renowned "Glorious Tom" (Staff-Capt. Calhoun) was visiting the corps that day, and his stirring talk on holiness and the powerful influence of the whole meeting, so convinced our young friend of her need of Christ that she knelt at the penitent form. She was then a girl of fifteen. It was a stirring time for the Army then in many ways, and for a young girl to openly profess salvation and identify herself with the Salvationists was a heavy cross, which few were willing to take up. Her father was an ardent admirer of The Army, and so

whenever Commissioner Coombs came to Lindsay he was invited to stay at the Eastons'. Noticing Florence one day he put his hand on her head, saying as he did so: "Well, Florence, I want you for one of my officers some day." Years rolled by, and at the recent International Congress a young woman with an Adjutant's star on her collar came smiling up to the Commissioner. "Do you remember me?" she asked. "Ah!—Lindsay," replied The Commissioner, who is remarkable for his excellent memory for faces, and then followed congratulations and a talk upon old times. How Miss Easton came to decide upon being an Army officer was as follows: She was finishing off her education at a ladies' college in Whitby and working hard to secure a musical diploma, and for a long time was uncertain as to whether she should become a Salvationist or not. During this period of indecision the Household Troops' Band visited Peterboro', and she went to hear the musical festival. It was at this meeting that she made up her mind to join the Army and be an out-and-out Soldier. Shortly after this she was invited to go to Headquarters, and use her musical gifts in the service of the Army. She did so, and was soon after made a Cadet, and appointed to assist Mrs. Big. Read in the social work. In this Department she laboured for three years and was then transferred to the General Secretary's Office, where she has been ever since.

As the General Secretary's Chief Assistant, Staff-Captain Easton's influence is undoubtedly felt throughout the Canadian Field. All probationers and Corps-Cadets have come under her observation, though perhaps quite unknown to themselves, and their lessons have been carefully marked by her. She now has the oversight of a portion of the Advanced Training System, and so many of the Field Officers will reap the benefit of her knowledge.

As a musician, the Staff-Captain is prominent, her skill as a pianist causing her to be continually in demand at all large gatherings. Each year she

trains the Temple Juniors for their Christmas Demonstration. She is also the Songster leader at the Temple, and under her skilful tuition this body of devoted workers are making great progress. She speaks highly of their godliness and sincerity, and says she is much impressed by their earnest desire to bless souls by their singing, as evidenced by the petitions they offer in the little prayer meetings they have together.

"I always endeavor to make my songsters feel that their singing must be an act of worship, and not a mere performance," says the Staff-Captain. "Then they get blessed themselves, and are a blessing to others."

TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND VISITS GUELPH.

Crowded Hall and Good Results.

A welcome thoroughly in harmony with the enterprising spirit of the "Royal City," was accorded to the Territorial Staff Band on the occasion of its visit to this splendid Corps. Time never hangs heavy with the Staff Bandsmen in their week-end campaigns. The programme usually includes extra open-air, a meeting with the local Bandsman, as well as other interesting meetings available to the Corps visited. This time they were delighted to be able to comply with a request to serenade a dear sick lady, who has promised God to become a Salvation Army Soldier if it is His good pleasure to restore her to health. Owing to the heavy rains our plans for the open-air were considerably handicapped, but in spite of this, the seating capacity of the spacious City Hall was entirely inadequate for our indoor services. At night an adjoining room had to be brought into requisition. Brigadier Howell, our Leader, accompanied the Staff Band, and conducted the Holiness and Salvation meetings. His Worship the Mayor presided at the Service of Praise on Sunday afternoon. The financial results were far above local expectations, and twelve souls came forward for sanctification or salvation.

Origin of Thanksgiving.

Dr. Franklin says that, in a time of great dependency among the first settlers in New England, it was proposed in one of their public assemblies to proclaim a fast. An old farmer arose, spoke of their provoking Heaven with their complaints, reviewed their mercies, showed them they had much to be thankful for, and moved that instead of appointing a day for fasting, they should appoint a day of thanksgiving. This was accordingly done, and the custom has been continued ever since in America, and has spread to every Christian country and community, until each little village chapel is made lovely with fruits and flowers at the time of harvest.

CHINESE VISITING CARDS.

In China visiting cards are in common use among the "civilised." But whereas in this country the cards are practically of one size and of small dimensions, in China the size of the card and the letters therein increases with the importance of the owner. The cards are usually of a blood-red colour.

Her Wolf, the correspondent of the "Berlin Telegraph," who recently explored Manchuria, says that when his visiting card was presented to Li Hung Chang, it was two inches in depth, and each of the letters, of his name was one inch in depth and half an inch in width.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS

Military Law in India.

Much comment has been made by the Anglo-Indian press on a certain incident which recently occurred at Delhi, and attention has been attracted to the military regulations governing cases of assault between the British soldier and the natives. Three privates of the Royal Irish Rifles were charged with the crime of refusing to go to the assistance of a comrade who was being assaulted by natives. He had been beaten severely with sticks, and was making his escape when the natives again caught up to him, and renewed their attack. Instead of trying to protect their wounded comrade, the three soldiers returned to the fort. Each of the accused was found guilty and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with a recommendation to mercy on the grounds that the strict rules regarding the relations of the British soldier with natives make it very difficult for him to know how to act, and tend to make him avoid a conflict with them at all costs. The general officer commanding confirmed the sentences, but said he was unable to accede to the recommendation to mercy. Some modification of the regulations has been suggested by the newspapers.

A Terrorised Nation.

News of fresh acts of terrorism and robbery continues to come from Russia, and the disregard of human life which is daily shown, has blunted the capacity of the people to appreciate the full horror of these things. An instance of one of the most dastardly forms of outrage occurred recently on the Baltic Railway. A gang of about thirty men held up a train, which they boarded, and tried to remove the strong box containing the pay of the employees. A deadly fire was poured into the carriages, killing one passenger and wounding two others. The men guarding the strong box offered a stout resistance, and killed the leader of the gang, but lost three killed. Fearing the arrival of reinforcements, the robbers escaped to the adjoining forest without the money. At another place the post office was raided by ten armed men. They threw two bombs and opened fire with revolvers, killing one of the watchmen and wounding the official in charge. Blowing open the safe, they succeeded in taking 60,000 roubles (\$30,000) and then decamped. These acts reveal the disorderly state of the whole country.

Georgia Cotton Congress.

A Convention of Cotton Growers and Spinners was recently held at Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A., when representatives from Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium and Spain were present. The President, Mr. Macell, said that he wanted his European friends to see for themselves that America could grow all the cotton the world needed. On the other hand, it was important for the growers, by personal contact with the spinner, to realise that if they were to maintain their supremacy, there must be a forward movement in the direction of the removal of so called abuses which were now existent in growing, handling and marketing the products. Attention was also called to the fact that the result of raising or reducing the price of cotton through illegitimate speculation, by even one cent per pound, was a difference of ninety million dollars. It was time some determined effort was made to diminish this serious and unnecessary burden.

Rioting at Calcutta.

Another serious riot has taken place at Calcutta, indicating that the seditious ferment in Bengal is still working with unabated vigour. The outbreak is directly attributable to the exorbitant speeches delivered at a

meeting which was held in honour of the students, who were recently punished for assaulting the police. The speakers urged the people to establish self-government and meet opposition by force. Intense excitement prevailed, and it was not long before stones were thrown at the police, who were present to keep order. About forty policemen were injured and numbers of street lamps smashed. The hackney carriage drivers have now gone out on strike and are creating disturbances.

The mischievous comments of Mr. Ke'r Hardie, who is visiting India are fanning the flame of discontent, and his reckless references to British mis-

Tainted Oysters.

The discovery has been made by two American doctors, that thousands of oysters which are served up in fashionable restaurants under fancy names, are tainted with sewerage. Six hundred million of these succulent bivalves are annually harvested from the rivers near New York, into which a thousand million gallons of sewage are emptied every day, and served up under the names that suggest they came from far away and clean localities. To this sort of food the doctors attribute five per cent of the increase in typhoid fever cases in the cities where these oysters are sold.



Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary.

The illness of Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, is causing great anxiety, for his death may mean, in the opinion of many publicists, the dismemberment of his dominions. He was born seventy-five years ago at Schönbrunn, where he is now lying ill. He is the son of the Archduke Francis and succeeded his uncle, Ferdinand, in 1848, his father having renounced his own rights, and he was crowned King of Hungary nineteen years later. His only son, Rudolph, died very mysteriously in 1889, so that the throne passes to the Emperor's nephew, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

rule are considered by the British Press to be absolutely criminal.

Human Happiness.

At the recent great Church Congress held at Yarmouth, England, the Bishop of Norwich delivered an address on human happiness, with special reference to domestic life. The fact of there being so many unhappy homes, he accounted for in the first place, to hasty and ill-considered marriages, and in dwelling upon the causes that tended to make life miserable in the home, he mentioned selfishness, temper, and vice of any kind. He then spoke of the duties of husbands and wives to each other, and of their duty to their children, retiring, in frank, straight terms to the vital importance of warning them about the dangers and temptations which especially beset youth. He believed that while drink slew its thousands, lust and immorality slew its tens of thousands. Above all he enforced the supreme importance of making the home Godly and Christ-loving.

The only safe way for us to adopt would be to make sure that the oysters come from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or else to abstain from eating them altogether.

Home-Loving Islanders.

A recently published Parliamentary paper affords a graphic picture of the conditions of life, in what may perhaps be described as the most isolated and curiously constituted community of the British Empire—namely, Tristan da Cunha, an Island far out in the Atlantic.

The Islanders, who are eighty-one in number, feared a scarcity of provisions in 1906, and asked that measures might be taken for their relief. A steamer was despatched from Cape Town, containing stores of the kind most needed, and offers were made for their complete removal from the island to Cape Colony. Free passages and land allotments on arrival were promised, but the people refused to leave the storm-girt and isolated rocks, which are all they have ever

known of the world. The people are described as truthful and honest, brave and generous, well-mannered and industrious, but they are entirely without educational advantages, and there has been no teaching among them for eighteen years. They are evidently determined to make the best of things however, and think that if regular communication could be established with the mainland, a valuable export trade in sheep might be carried on. Much sympathy will doubtless be felt for this little community, who cling so tenaciously to their island home.

Exploration in Tibet.

News has been received at Simla of the further travels of Dr. Sven Hedin in Tibet. He was refused permission to enter that country from India, and he, therefore, entered from the North-West. The results of his present journey include 203 sheets of maps, 410 specimens of rock, 760 panoramas, a meteorological journal entered three times daily, detailed measurements of the volume of water at every river crossed, a collection of plants, and a great number of sketches. The contributions made to the physical geography and hydrography of Tibet include the measurement of one large lake, the measurement of the heights of many peaks and passes and the correction of existing maps in a number of important particulars. Dr. Hedin was in sight of Dangg-yum-iso, or the Holy Lake, when he was stopped by fifty mounted men, who ordered him back. He therefore altered his route and travelled to the South-West. He found that the map of the regions he traversed was nothing like the reality. He says that he has been met all over the country with the greatest hospitality and kindness, alike from Tibetan officials and nomads, and attributes this to the excellent understanding and relations which were established by Sir Francis Younghusband at Lhasa, in 1904. By an undesigned coincidence, this report was received just a few days before the publication of the Anglo-Russian Convention, with its annexure, agreeing that for the next three years, at least, Tibet should remain closed to scientific expeditions.

International Exhibitions.

A committee was recently appointed by the British Board of Trade, to enquire into the use of International Exhibitions. Their report states that exhibitions are of little use, as a rule, to the great staple industries of the country. On the other hand, they admit that certain trades derive direct benefit from exhibiting, such as the furniture, china, earthenware, glass, goldsmiths' and jewellers' trades. Although, however, the evidence goes to show that firms do not, as a rule, gain much in the way of increased orders, from taking part in exhibitions, yet they reap indirect advantages from them. Experience has shown that even in the case of firms with an established reputation and world wide connections, attempts to discontinue advertising have usually been followed by a diminution in the sales effected, and as exhibitions afford a means of national advertisement, it is advisable that manufacturers should continue to participate in them. Another aspect of exhibitions, to which attention is drawn, is the effect which they have in encouraging national emulation, and in stimulating individual exhibitors to improve their productions.

A Yorkshire paper has taken the votes of its readers as to which is the prettiest village in Yorkshire, and the result of the poll has been to confer the proud distinction on Thornton-le-Dale, in the North Riding, which secured 11,111 votes out of a total of 70,526.

PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS

Put Off Salvation for a Dance.

A young man recently came into an Army Barracks and sat, to all appearances, quite unconcerned as to what was going on around him. But as the truths of God were dealt out by the Officers, he became conscience-stricken and his face paled. A comrade, learning that he was uneasy, pleaded with him to get right with God.

"Well I will consider the matter," the young man said, "but, as I have made an appointment to attend a dance next week, I can't decide just now; but I will get converted after the dance."

The Officer begged him not to put off this day of grace, but all his pleadings were vain, and the young man left the Hall unsaved.

God's Spirit still strove with him, however, for as he closed the door, the awful thought of being shut outside of heaven ran through his mind, and almost compelled him to reconsider his terrible decision. But he would not hearken to the voice of God, and so he turned his steps toward his home. Before he ever went to that dance, or before he had another opportunity to seek salvation, he was lying cold and stiff in the clasp of death.

How God Deals with Sinners.

A young man, now in Training for Officership, speaks thus of his conversion:

He was intending to settle in the North-West, and had put in six months' labour on a homestead, with the prospects before him of owning the ground at the end of three years. Whilst in Saskatoon, he attended a Salvation Army meeting, and memories of childhood came back to him. Again he seemed to hear his father, who was a Salvation warrior, singing his favourite song, "I saw Jesus dying in anguish for me," and the Saviour Himself, seemed to appear before the young man's eyes and plead with him to surrender. He rose and went out of the Hall, but all the way home a fierce conflict was going on in his heart.

"Do you believe that Jesus is able to save you?"

The question came so clearly that it seemed as if a friend was talking to him. He stopped in the road and answered, "Yes, I believe He is able." The thought then came to him that salvation was not a matter of "only believe," but it meant repenting of, and forsaking all sin. No sooner had he come to this point than the Voice spoke again.

"Are you willing to forsake sin?" He pondered over the meaning for some time, and then boldly answered "Yes." The Spirit of God instantly urged him to accept salvation then and there.

"Do you believe that Jesus saves you now?" was the question that was pressed upon him.

"I do," he replied. "I have fulfilled the conditions, and now claim the fulfilment of God's promise. At that moment the assurance of salvation came flooding his soul and he went on his way rejoicing. The next night he went to the Penitent-form to publicly confess Christ and show everyone that he meant to live for God in the future.

The Disturber Disturbed.

An infidel was in the habit of attending Army meetings for the purpose of creating a disturbance. He was much struck, however, by the consistent lives of the converts, and the patient persistence of those who dealt with him and got troubled in mind.

On comparing his unhappy state with the contentedness of the Salvationists, he asked himself the question, "What has my infidelity done



The Length, Breadth and Depth of Winnipeg I.

for me!" and was forced to answer, "Nothing."

One night he was standing on the street corner as the Salvationists started their open-air meeting. He was much troubled, and an indescribable feeling came over him as they started to sing—"Jesus, the name high over all." Filled with remorse at his past conduct, he made his way over to where the Sergeant-Major stood, and offered an apology for ever having disturbed the meetings. He was cordially invited to go to the Hall, and that night he knelt at the Penitent-form and got soundly converted.

Another proof of the power of personal testimony backed up by good living.—Ensign Plant.

Helping His Brother Out.

The Captain of a certain Corps once made it a hard and fast rule among his Soldiers, that no one should testify at the Sunday meetings unless they had attended knee-drill. This was religiously observed, and everyone who wanted to say something on Sunday night made it a point to be on hand at the early morning prayer meeting.

Now it happened that one of his Soldiers named Luke, had a brother George, who always liked to hear his brother testify, though unconverted himself. One morning, for some unexplained reason, Luke missed the knee-drill, and, in consequence, had to sit in silence.

He had always taken a prominent part in the meetings, and it was with difficulty that he could keep his seat while the testimonies were being given. Had he attempted to speak, he knew the Captain would sing him down, and so he mentally resigned himself to his fate. George was not so passive, and hit upon a plan to aid Luke.

"Now, who'll be the next," said the

Captain, calling upon his Soldiers to testify. "No waiting, now."

Up sprang George, and going to the front, seized the Captain by the throat, so that he could not sing.

"Now, Luke—testify," he called out "I'll hold him tight till you're through."

We do not know whether the Captain relaxed the rule after that, but the incident caused some amusement at the time, and the old Soldiers in the Corps to-day will tell you how George throttled the Captain.—Adj. Thompson.

The Army Bonnet.

"Yes, it's the nicest thing I ever had on my head, and every time I put it on, it seems to remind me of the time when I first donned my bonnet. I feel so happy, too, while wearing it, and it's altogether lovely."

Thus spoke an enthusiastic, all-active Salvation lassie, in a recent meeting at a certain red-hot Corps I know of.

"I could not wear it," continued the young woman, "if I hadn't the sweet peace Jesus gives me day by day. I know I am His, and I am glad I have made up my mind to do just what He would have me do, and that if it is His will, in The Army. I am glad I'm in The Army."

And with a volley of "So am I's" from those "noisy" Cadets, the sister sat down.—J. E. D.

How Faith was Rewarded.

"You'll never get in my house to pray—get off with you, quick!" exclaimed an irate woman, as she opened the door one day to find two Army Officers standing outside. Seeing that her command was not obeyed she seized the broom and advanced to the attack, and the Officers wisely

retreated. They were men of faith and hope, however, and not easily defeated. Next week they called again, but with the same result. Nevertheless, they persevered, and little by little, the woman was impressed with their earnestness.

"I'll see you with a Hallelujah bonnet on before I leave this town," called out the Captain to her one day. Then the Officers went home to pray.

For three weeks everything had been very bad spiritually, and the Captain had had very little sleep on account of his anxiety for souls, leading him to continue in prayer nearly all night. A new Hall was being built, under many difficulties, and it was hoped that the people would come to it when it was opened. They had refused to attend the meetings in the old fish-loft that the Officers were forced to use; because at high tide the sea dashed against it, and made them feel uncomfortable.

One night the Captain got the assurance that God would prosper His work in that place, and that souls would be saved. The first time for many a weary night he slept soundly.

Next day was the opening of the new Hall, and to the joy of the Captain and his few Soldiers, six souls came to the Penitent-form, the first one being the woman whom he had so often visited with such discouraging results. That night he stood on his head for joy.

Shortly afterwards the woman became a Soldier in full uniform, and on visiting her just before he farewelled, she gave him a donation of twelve dollars. Thus, by prayer, faith and perseverance was the victory won, and a blessed soul-saving work started in that little place.

The Coming of the Light.

Joe was a musical sort of fellow, and thought one day that he would turn his talents to good account by joining a travelling variety show. So he put his time in amusing people for money, and would probably have gone on doing so, had not an event occurred which forced him to think more seriously than he had ever done before about being accountable to God for the way in which he used his time and talents. His sister, who had got converted in The Salvation Army, was called to be an Officer, and her farewell meeting was announced for a certain Sunday. Joe made it a point to attend and hear what she had to say, and under the powerful influences that were there brought to bear upon him, he saw clearly how he was wasting his life, and what a purposeless creature he was. He felt that he ought to have some greater object to live for than making fun for the crowd, and from that night he began to ponder in his mind the possibilities of rising to a higher life. He attended The Army regularly, and the Soldiers got quite interested in him, and made him the subject of many prayers.

"Come along, Joe; you know you wouldn't be here unless God was calling you to give Him your heart and become a Salvationist," said a comrade to him in a holiness meeting one day. The advice was timely, and in it Joe saw the solution of all the problems that vexed him. The light had come, and it was up to him to walk in it. He did so, and is to-day in training for Officership.

During the past week seven souls have found Christ at Palmerston, and our outpost, Dryton. A whole family, four in number, came forward in the special meetings at the outpost and got blessedly saved. Two others were converted here, and one in Palmerston. All glory to our conquering Christ.—Scott & Plumtree.



Stellarton Corps on the March.

Just in Time.

A Striking Hospital Incident.

How An Army Officer Took Salvation to a Dying Young Man.

A Captain was out selling War Crys one afternoon, and in the course of her travels passed a large hospital. As she thought of the many sufferers there who were in need of so much human help and sympathy, her heart went out towards them, and she resolved to devote a little of her time in trying to cheer and comfort some of the sick ones. It was a direct inspiration from God, and just as much as the Lord led Philip to put aside for awhile the important work of carrying on the revival in Samaria in order to preach to one lone man, so did He lead His young servant on this occasion to drop for the moment her ordinary routine work so that she might perform a greater task and bring light and blessing to a soul on the verge of Eternity. The Captain did not get to know this till afterwards, for all she thought of doing was to speak to a few of the inmates of the wards and then go on her way. She passed from cot to cot on her mission of mercy, and was about to leave the hospital when her attention was drawn to a young man lying on a couch. He looked dreadfully ill, and she saw with horror that both his legs and been amputated. She felt she could not leave without speaking to him, and going over to where he lay she opened up the conversation with a few queries as to his accident. She then ventured to speak of spiritual matters, and asked if he was prepared should death overtake him. This threw him into a state of anguish, and he cried out that he was not ready to die. He very readily listened as the Captain spoke of Jesus Christ and His readiness to save all who truly repent and call on Him for pardon.

"Sing to me, Captain," he said after a while. "I feel I am very near death." With alarm the Captain noted the increasing pallor of his countenance, and realized that he spoke the truth; then suppressing her emotion, she raised her clear, sweet voice, and a Christian song of hope echoed throughout that chamber of suffering, causing a deep hush to fall upon all there.

When I'm nearing Jordan's billow,
Let Thy bosom be my pillow;
Hide me, oh Thou Rock of Ages—
Safe in Thee.

As the last words died away, the poor fellow looked up with a smile on his wan face, and grasping the Captain's hand he muttered: "Safe in Thee," and then his head fell on his bosom and his soul went to meet God. The Captain never regrets that she obeyed the good impulse that came to her that afternoon, for, though perhaps she sold a few War Crys less, yet she won a precious soul to Christ at the eleventh hour. Does not this show that the work of a Salvation Army officer rightly understood, is no mere mechanical performance of certain fixed duties, but a constant, ever-changing round of ceaseless activities, in to which they are guided by the Spirit of an ever-watchful God.

"FINE WEATHER A CURSE."

Grimby fishing fleets and the Scottish herring lasses are bewailing the prevalent fine weather, the calm sea and the sunshine, because the herring shoals will not rise to the surface to be caught till the sea roughens, and a herring famine prevails at the fishing port in consequence.

THE ST. JOHN CITADEL.

The Chief Secretary Conducts the Opening Ceremony.

Torchlight Procession—Successful Meetings—The Hall and Its Builders.



THE opening services in connection with our new Citadel at St. John, N. B., were a gigantic success. Colonel Sowton was at his best, and made a lasting impression on the minds and hearts of all who attended these meetings. His heart-searching talks and his solos captivated the crowd and ten souls found their way to the Saviour's feet.

The Meetings.

A local paper thus describes the meetings:—

"The formal opening took place about 6.45, when Colonel Sowton, in the presence of Major and Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Brigadier Turner, Ensign Prince, Staff-Captain Miller, Adjutant Freeman, Ensign Cornish, Ensign James, of No. III., and Lieutenant Noek, and more than one hundred Soldiers and other spectators, turned the key of the front door. The services were very short. The party gathered on the front steps, and after devotional exercises, and the singing of a hymn, Colonel Sowton made a brief address. He spoke of the great pleasure it gave him to be in St. John so soon after coming to Canada, for the purpose of opening such commodious premises in behalf of The Army.

A Bright Prospect.

"After complimenting the Corps on the success that had attended their efforts in securing larger Quarters, he expressed the conviction that they had just entered into an era of greater blessings than ever.

"He then turned the key of the front door, opening it, and declaring the Citadel dedicated to the uses of The Army.

"At seven o'clock a torch light procession was formed, and more than one hundred Soldiers from the several Corps in the city, with their Officers, participated. Headed by the Band, they marched to the head of King St. and afterwards to Charlotte and Union, where successful open-air meetings were held.

"Immediately on the return to the Citadel at eight o'clock, the meeting was opened. Every seat on the platform was occupied, and the auditorium was comfortably filled. When Colonel Sowton entered with Major Phillips, he was given a most enthusiastic welcome.

"After brief opening exercises, Major Phillips rose to introduce the speaker of the evening.

"Colonel Sowton, who is a wonderfully effective speaker, referred to the progress made in the Work, since The Salvation Army was established in this city twenty-three years ago. He commended his hearers, however, that they must not now sit down and simply thank God for past favours, but keep on striving after greater things.

Sunday Services.

There were four meetings held in the Citadel on Sunday, and all were well attended. Special appeals were made for contributions to the building fund, as a result of which, the indebtedness was reduced \$900.00.

At 7 o'clock a meeting was conducted by Ensign Cornish. At 11 o'clock Colonel Sowton was the principal speaker, talking for his subjects, Love and Reconciliation. In the afternoon the auditorium was filled, when Colonel Sowton again took charge. Other speakers were Staff-Captain Miller, Mrs. Major Phillips and Adj. Freeman. Lieut. Noek and Sergt. King sang a duet.

"At 7.30 the auditorium was taxed

to its fullest capacity, and many had to be turned from the doors. The speakers were Staff-Captain Miller, Mrs. Brigadier Turner and Colonel Sowton. Solos were sung by Captain Potter, of Woodstock, and Lieutenant King. The last named Officer has just faredwell from the Evangeline Home and will leave to-day for Halifax, to attend the Council of Officers of the Maritime Provinces, from which city she will go to Newfoundland, as a teacher in a School recently established by The Army."

The New Citadel.

The new Citadel is situated on the spot where stood the old Charlotte St. Barracks, next to Queen Square Methodist Church. It is built of brick, with trimmings of red sand-stone, and is two stories in height. In the upper is the auditorium, in the lower, the class rooms, etc.

Five hundred people can be comfortably seated in the auditorium, the platform alone containing eighty-five seats. It is well lighted by electro-lights at night, and many windows admit the light by day. The wood-work inside is finished in oak graining and the ceiling is stamped steel tinted white and pea green, while the walls are painted a delicate shade of green.

The Hall has four entrances, one at each corner. Two are from the main door in the front of the building, with one at the rear, which opens upon an alleyway.

The lower story of the Citadel is divided into various sized rooms. At the front there is a small office in the left hand corner, while the J. S. Hall takes up almost the entire width of the building. This room will accommodate two hundred and twenty-five persons. To the rear of the J. S. Hall is a furnace room and a class room for infants; there is also a large Band room, a store room and two toilet rooms on the same floor.

The building is lighted by electricity throughout, and is furnished with the latest sanitary devices. All the flooring is of hardwood, except the furnace room, which is of concrete.

Altogether, the Citadel is one of the most complete buildings of its kind in the city, and reflects great credit upon our own architect, Staff-Captain Miller, who keeps his thinking end on the right side of his head, and knows how to design a building to suit the requirements of the place. Adjutant Freeman is also deserving of much credit for the good workmanship and for the energetic way in which he has pushed the work along.

Just five months have elapsed between the leaving of the old building and the entering of the new Citadel. It has been the united action of our Officers, Soldiers and friends in St. John that has made this building scheme a success.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp had the honour of making the first move. The P. O., Brigadier Turner, who is noted for his all-ative spirit in putting building schemes through, with his Chancellor, Major Phillips, have never faltered, but have pushed everybody up to duty, and have had the joy of seeing the work completed.

Captain Willard, the financial man,

has done a lot of plodding, hard work in connection with this scheme, and has had the pleasure of receiving many donations from The Army's friends.

Ensign and Mrs. Cornish, the Corps Officers, have done their part well in keeping the Corps together during the erection of the building, and not only so, but have added a good number of converts to the roll, and we predict for the Ensign, who is noted for his dash and go, a great harvest of souls during the Winter months.

BAND CHAT.

The New Aberdeen Band is steadily improving. A short time ago a presentation of instruments took place, Mr. Macenzie was chairman, and in the course of his remarks said that he wanted the people to support the Band because it belonged to the town, and not alone to the Army. We had a rousing time at N. Sydney lately, and the people gave us \$40 collection. At Sydney we were encouraged by the way the people received us. Major Morehen went with us to Dominion, and we gave a fine programme, which included some of the latest music, such as the Leyton March, the No. 1 Prize March. An imitation of the bagpipes was given by the three Rutcliffe Brothers, and vocal solos by Band-Sergt. Goodwin and Secretary Nairn. Our Band is in a splendid spiritual condition, and we feel we have the right man in the right place in Bandmaster J. W. Goodwin.

The Vancouver Band is proving a great blessing to the people, and under Bandmaster Redburn is making good progress. Their advancement during the past few months has been rapid, and many have given their hearts to God through the earnestness of the bandmen. They have been endeavoring to raise funds lately for the purchase of a set of silver-plated instruments, and with the co-operation of officers and soldiers, the amount has nearly been reached. The bandmen's wives, who are always to the front, gave a social in the interests of the band, and the handsome sum of \$120 was realized. A concert was afterwards given by the band, at which Staff-Capt. Hayes ably presided.

God's Looking-Glass.

A missionary was journeying in a wild part of a certain distant country, when he heard there was a chieftain in the district who had never seen a looking glass, but was very anxious to do so. The missionary took advantage of the occasion, and thinking, perhaps, it would open up his way more easily, found out the chief, and pulled from his traps a mirror. Now, as the chief had never seen his face reflected, he had, of course, no idea as to what he looked like. He took the looking glass from the missionary, and there saw himself true to nature. So disgusted was he, that he threw the glass down to the ground, breaking it into a thousand fragments; saying to the missionary, "If that is what I have been like all this while, I'll give it all up now."

God's word is our looking glass. If we were to look more often into that precious mirror and see ourselves in the light of eternity, we should, perhaps, be doubly careful as to our thoughts, our deeds, and of the life we are living, whether it be in His service or no.

May we not thrust the mirror of God angrily away from us, but face it, and come before God, asking Him to heat our ugly ways and doings for Christ's sake.

THE WAR CRY.

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GAZETTE.

Promotions—

- Lieutenant Annie Mc Kervey to be Captain.
- Lieutenant Katie Yandaw to be Captain.
- Lieutenant Laura Thompson to be Captain.
- Lieutenant Majorie Cornelius to be Captain.
- Lieutenant Ida Fulford to be Captain.
- Lieutenant Minnie Miller to be Captain.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Comments on & Current Matters.

PRAY FOR THE GENERAL.

After the somewhat pessimistic accounts of The General's health that have appeared in the daily papers, the telegraphic message we have received from Commissioner Nicol will come as a tonic. We have not received anything more invigorating for a long time than the sentence, "Apparently there is nothing to prevent his completing the tour that has been mapped out for him." We feel that we can, on behalf of the Canadian Wing of The Salvation Army, assure Commissioner Nicol that our prayers shall ascend to Heaven on behalf of our beloved Leader. Neither should we forget in our petitions to the Throne of Grace, the Chief of the Staff and the Commander, who, in an especial manner, feel the anxiety that any room for fear on behalf of The General's health entails. Up to the present we can congratulate all concerned on the splendid results that have attended The General's American Campaign, and we earnestly and humbly pray that The General may be divinely upheld to the end.

A WINTER PORTENT.

An extraordinary account of hardship comes to us from the North. At Ungava it appears that, the Eskimos, owing to the severe cold and unusual scarcity of game in the remote regions, have been forced to cannibalism in order to sustain life; and recently a crew of a Newfoundland vessel, discovered thirty skeletons lying unburied on the beaches. It is supposed that these were the remains of some of the victims of the famine. It is quite possible that this severity of weather may be taken as a portent of unusual winter severity farther South. It is to be hoped that those who have the management of the principal transportation of the North-West in their hand, will permit no stone to be unturned in their endeavours to prevent a repetition of the hardships endured by some last winter, so that it may be possible for settlers to lay in supplies of coal and fuel and food for the long winter.

THE COMMISSIONER

— AT —

Charlottetown, P.E.I., and Halifax, N.S.

Lieutenant-Governor McKinnon Presides at the Commissioner's Lecture—Highly Successful Meetings in Both Cities, and Seventy Souls.

LATEST BY WIRE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

A glorious reception was accorded Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs by the Newfoundland troops at St. Johns on Saturday night. Although nearly midnight when the train arrived, Lieut-Colonel Rees and Major Morris, with over a hundred Field Officers and a host of Salvationists and friends—many of whom carried flaming torches—gave our Territorial Leaders a most enthusiastic and loyal reception.

The scene was a very animated one and afforded a splendid announcement for the Sunday's public meetings, which were record-breakers. The largest buildings in the Colony were thrice filled and hundreds were turned away. Fifty knelt at the Mercy seat.

The afternoon welcome demonstration to Colonel Sowton, the new Chief Secretary, was conducted in the Methodist College Hall. He received a most hearty welcome and created a very favourable impression.

The Councils have been most delightful, and the Officers are in excellent spirits.

We leave Newfoundland to-night.—Lieut-Colonel Pugmire.

THE party which left International Headquarters consisted of the Commissioners, the Chief Secretary, Staff-Captain Morris, and the writer. A break was made at Montreal, and a great deal of business was pushed through by our leaders. Mrs. Coombs inspected the Rescue work, while your humble ser-



His Honour Lieut-Governor Donald A. McKinnon.

Who presided at the Commissioner's lecture in the Opera House, Charlottetown, Sunday, afternoon, Oct. 20th.

vant, in company with Adj. Thompson, visited the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary and interviewed a number of convicts whose discharge is anticipated. A final good-bye was given to Brig. and Mrs. Horn and family, Canada's gift to India.

At St. John, Mrs. Coombs and the Chief Secretary left the party, Mrs. Coombs to visit the Rescue Home and the Chief Secretary to open the new No. 1 Citadel.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

On the Commissioner's arrival, at 10 p.m., he was greeted by a number of faithful Soldiers and friends, who gave him a warm welcome to Prince Edward Island, which is called "The Garden of the Gulf." It is twenty years since his last visit; still he is remembered by a number of the people.

Sunday Morning.

The first service was held in the Citadel. A most mellow influence fell upon

the assembled audience. Staff-Captain Morris and the writer sang:

"Holy Spirit, come, oh, come,
Let thy work in me be done;
All that hinders shall be thrown
aside;
Make me fit to be Thy dwelling."

The Commissioner's Bible reading and soul-searching address were most convincing, and struck home. A remarkable prayer meeting followed. Spirits were subdued and several came forward and gave themselves up to God for cleansing and service.

Sunday Afternoon.

Concerning this meeting, the Daily Patriot says:

Commissioner Coombs, head of The Salvation Army in Canada, arrived in the city on Saturday evening, accompanied by Colonel Pugmire, Brigadier Turner, and other officers. Yesterday several meetings were held, all marked by characteristic enthusiasm and zeal. In the afternoon the Commissioner lectured to a large audience in the Opera House, on "The Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow of the Salvation Army." In a powerful, eloquent, and appealing address, marked by deep sincerity, earnestness, and faith in a great movement, the speaker spoke of the organization of the Army 42 years ago by General Booth in London, of its early difficulties and its persecutions, of noble, devoted soldiers, "made in the fierceness of the fire, made in the greatness of the conflict." He spoke of the great social work accomplished by the Army, who last year gave seven million meals to the hungry, and five million beds to the homeless.

Six thousand fallen women received shelter in the Army Homes, and the Commissioner was now at work on legislation tending to punish the men who lead the unfortunate creatures to ruin. In dealing with the immigration question, the Commissioner said that within three years 50,000 people from the Old Country were brought into Canada, and next year he intended to bring over 25,000, thus helping to solve the labour problem in British Columbia. The prison work was next discussed, and it was shown that last year 800 released prisoners received situations through the Army, and were given a chance to begin life aright again.

Touching tributes to the labours and life of General Booth were paid during the address, and the Commissioner concluded with an appeal for men and money for the work.

Lieutenant-Governor Mackinnon presided, and on the platform were: Mayor Paton, Hon. George E. Hughes, Rev. T. F. Fullerton, Rev. Thomas Marshall, Colonel Moore, S. F. Hodgson, W. S. Lounson, W. C. Turner, and the editors of the Guardian and Patriot.

Solos by Col. Pugmire formed part of the service.

Sunday Night.

A bad storm raged, but this did not hinder a good audience from gathering at the Opera House. The Commissioner was at his best, and spoke with great power, his address having a telling effect upon his hearers, who seemed to drink in every word. A well-thought prayer meeting followed, in which those who remained kept up a stubborn resistance to the claims of God. At last prayer, faith, and efforts prevailed, and several with broken hearts made their way to the mercy seat and sought the favor of God. We closed the day with thirteen seekers. To Him be all the glory.

Monday Night.

A powerful service was held in the First Methodist Church on the Monday night, and though a snow storm was raging a goodly audience gathered. At the conclusion of the Commissioner's appeal several responded and came forward to the mercy seat.



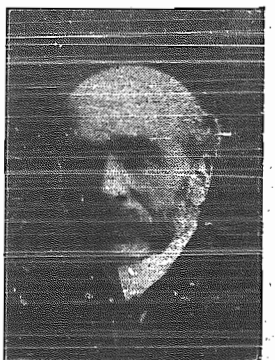
Lieut-Colonel F. S. Moore.

Who seconded the vote of thanks at the Commissioner's lecture in the Opera House, Charlottetown, Oct. 20th.

We are glad to notice that while young converts have been made, a number of the older Soldiers are still holding on—Miss Ellis, Professor Hawley, Sergt-Major Renold, Treasurer Chandler, and others. Brig. Turner conducted the service in the First Methodist Church on Sunday night, and reports a good time.

Halifax.

A long, tedious travel for the Commissioner to his next battle-ground. The Annual Councils have always taken place at the provincial centre, St. John, but it was decided to let the City of Halifax have the benefit on this occasion. Our train did not arrive until



His Worship Mayor Porter.

Who moved a vote of thanks at the Commissioner's lecture in the Opera House, Charlottetown.

past eight o'clock, but by the half-hour, the Commissioner was on the bridge of the Officers' and Soldiers' Council. The No. 1 Citadel was packed, and the welcome he received, together with Mrs. Coombs, must have been cheering. "Will there be any stars in my crown?" was lustily sung, and seemed to pave the way for our leader's heart-to-heart talk. He spoke as the oracles of God and as a faithful shepherd to his flock. He ventured to say this meeting will live long in the memory of the Soldier who were present. It was a sight that must have gladdened heaven to witness the scenes at the merry seat at the conclusion of the address. We totalled nearly 30 lives which were laid at the Master's feet for cleansing and service.

The Councils.

What can I say about the Councils. I don't think I have ever been in better. God's presence filled the chamber, and it was made a veritable Pentecost. The hymns chosen helped to direct our thoughts in the right channel. The Commissioner's address on Personal Religion will stand out as a beacon light in days to come. Mrs. Coombs' talk on Social Purity was most helpful, while the Chief Secretary's Address struck the nail right on the head. At times the influence felt was most intense, and many hearts were softened by the subduing power of the Spirit of God. Brig. Howell spoke briefly upon some new developments for immigration.

The Public Meeting.

The Brunswick Street Methodist Church was the only available building. The pastor is a staunch friend of the Army. About one thousand people were present. The Commissioner struck the right keynote in his Bible reading. The Chief Secretary showed the possibility of living a clean, sanctified life. The writer was called upon to give a talk on the Prison Work in Canada. One of the features of the meeting was the quartette rendered by the Commissioner and the male members of his party. A glorious scene followed the closing appeal of our leader, and from all parts of the building they came, until twenty-four surrenders are made to the claims of Calvary. All glory be to Jesus.

We left Brig. and Mrs. Turner, Maj. and Mrs. Morehen, and Maj. and Mrs. Phillips, with their staff and officers, in good spirits.

Now for Newfoundland!

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGHIRE.

THE SWISS WAR.

Opening a Social Institution at Zurich.

The opening of a Women's Social Institution at Zurich, by Commissioner McAlonan, created great interest in the city. The inaugural service was attended by a number of influential people who had not previously come into touch with the Army's work. Among these were members of the Town Council, the wives of several members of the County Council, a few of the leading parsons, four or five professors, nine editors, and many ladies who are presidents of various philanthropic institutions.

The Chairman of the Finance Committee said that The Army could count on better assistance for its philanthropic work in the future, and that he would, with pleasure, use his influence in that direction.

The Chief Secretary thinks the Self-Denial is likely to eclipse all previous records, in view of the hearty manner in which it is being taken up by the Officers and Soldiers.

THE GENERAL HIMSELF AGAIN.

Magnificent Meetings at Columbus, Ohio, and Pittsburg, Pa.

"APPARENTLY THERE IS NOTHING TO PREVENT THE COMPLETION OF THE GENERAL'S TOUR."

To God Be All the Glory!

(From Our Special Correspondent by Press Wire.)

Pittsburg, Oct. 28.

AM delighted to be able to say that our beloved General is again bounding along on the war-path. On landing in Columbus, Ohio, the keen, crisp, enlivening air of the delightful Indian Summer, acted upon his system like an elixir. The Commander, Miss Booth, who preceded The General, alighted from the car with a smile upon her countenance that was regarded by all as a token of triumph.

Her ministry to the sick General has been characterised by masterly tact, and rare devotion to the claims of filial affection, her duty to God, and to the trust reposed in her by International Headquarters so far as The General's health is involved.

To me she appeared as a school-girl at the end of a tedious course, who has become the recipient of honours and the first award. The weary strain was practically over and The General was again at the forefront. Hallelujah!

Looking paler than usual, and somewhat exhausted by his long journey, The General dismounted from his car and was received with ringing cheers by the huge multitude that had assembled to receive him.

He afterwards lectured in the Board

of Trade Auditorium to a good audience. The Governor of Ohio presided. His Honour, the Governor is an old soldier of the Civil War days. He met The General behind the scenes, when a most interesting and animated conversation took place between the two old veterans.

The General tersely put his experience in the following well-known verse:

"I am a wonder unto many,
God alone the change hath wrought;
Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by His help I'm brought."

Pittsburg came off all right. On Sunday the improvement in our Leader's health was still maintained, and The General conducted three crowded services in the spacious Alvin Theatre. The Holy influence that prevailed was most remarkable, and in spite of his recent indisposition, our honoured and beloved General was a veritable dynamo of Holy Ghost power and effectual Gospel preaching. There were fifty-four souls for the week-end.

The newspaper reports—even those of veracious Canada—of The General's illness, were like those of Mark Twain's reported death years ago, "greatly exaggerated."

Praise be unto God, we can all afford to ring a merry peal of thanks—
(Continued on page 11.)

The General's Thanks.

READERS OF THE CANADIAN CRY WILL BE GLAD TO PERUSE THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE FROM COMMANDER MISS BOOTH.



THE GENERAL desires me to express his deep sense of gratitude for the many messages of loving sympathy that have flowed in from all parts of the world, since it became known that he was compelled to abandon some of his public engagements through illness.

He has still so to conserve his energies, that it is impossible for him personally to acknowledge them, and he wishes me to pass on to his comrades and friends, by means of the "War Cry," the warmest assurances of affection.

God is good in the furnace, and now that my beloved father is emerging from it, we have felt that the prayers of the choicest spirits in the world to-day were laying siege to the Throne of Grace in his behalf.

I write this word of thanks in behalf of The General, while he is speaking to thousands of the citizens of Pittsburg—the most tangible evidence that The General is again in harness, and, need I add, looking forward in great expectation to meeting his brave comrades and sympathisers in the Metropolitan City.

Yours in the War,

Evangeline Booth

Pittsburg, Oct. 27, 1907.

Chief Secretary's Notes.

The Halifax meetings are over, and the Commissioner and party are now on their way to Newfoundland. Both the Councils and public meetings were unqualified successes. Now for St. John's.

Who has not heard of the Bay of Fundy? Its reputation is unenviable, and last Monday I had a chance of experiencing its "joys." The railway folder describes this crossing as "One of the most delightful experiences of travel." That may be so, but it is a delight (?) one would not care to have too often. One of its "delights" to me, was a violent cold, which put me in the worst possible condition for my meeting in Windsor; still we tried to make the best of a bad job, and succeeded tolerably well. Perhaps I shall be able to visit Windsor again under more favourable circumstances.

I have some important changes to announce this week, which will be far-reaching in their significance for our Territory.

The first concerns the Pacific Coast Province, for Brigadier Smeeton, the Provincial Officer of this interesting command, has received orders to farewell, not only from his present appointment, but from Canada, and, if rumour is correct, will cross the border to take up a responsible position in the United States.

The Brigadier has spent nearly sixteen years of his Salvation career in Canada and Newfoundland, and has successfully filled many important positions in this Territory. God go with him and his dear wife to their new battle-field under the Stars and Stripes.

Major Frank Morris, the Chancellor of Newfoundland Province, has been appointed to the command of the Pacific Coast Province, where we prophesy for him and his dear wife a victorious and useful future. Both Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton's farewell, and the installation of the new Provincial Officer will take place during the Commissioner's visit to Vancouver.

The new Chancellor of the Newfoundland Province will be Adjutant Barr, now special Financial Officer in Winnipeg, who, with his wife and family, will be proceeding to Newfoundland immediately. May God abundantly bless them in their new and important field of work.

I am not yet in a position to make a definite announcement regarding Brigadier Horn's successor, as Financial Secretary at T. H. Q., but it is rumoured that a well-known Officer in the United States has been selected for this high position. Probably we shall be able to make further announcements regarding this next week.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs are keeping up well amid the strain of this exhausting tour, involving, as it does, thousands of miles of travelling and important Officers' Councils and meetings. May God continue to bless and sustain our dear leaders.

The Week-End's Despatches.

If You Want to get Your Soul Stirred, Read These Reports.

**You Know Where Your Old Officer is Stationed. Perhaps
There is a Report from Him on This Page.**

KEEPING HOLD OF THEM.

**Officer Around Early to Visit Sunday
Converts.**

Some grand meetings were held at Lippincott this last week. Two souls came out for salvation on Wednesday, and eight consecrated themselves to God's service on Friday. On Sunday our Band was away at East Toronto, but we had a good special for the day in the person of Ensign Bristow, who did good service.

The Cadets gave great assistance. and we had a good spiritual day. At night three backsliders came home to God. They were all visited early on Monday morning, and found to be getting on nicely. The finances were well up to the mark, and we are preparing the ground for a good winter campaign.—Pilgrim.

A FRUITFUL STAY.

Over Four Hundred Souls.

Our beloved Officers, Captain and Mrs. Hargroves, have said good-bye to Halifax N. Since they first came among us they have done wonders in the way of making the corps an all round success. Two dedications took place the day the Captain and his wife farewelled, and on Sunday night three souls found Christ. The Rev. Jenner was on the platform at the farewell meeting, and spoke very warmly of the Captain and our work here. God has blessed us much during the Captain's twenty months' stay, and we have had the joy of seeing no fewer than four hundred souls kneel at the Cross. One of our Corps Cadets has also farewelled. He intends going to one of our outposts to work amongst the people. God bless our comrades.—B. K. P. O.

LABOURS RICHLY BLESSED.

The time has come for us to say good-bye to our Soldiers and friends at Channel. For the past sixteen months Ensign Noel has laboured successfully for the building up of God's Kingdom. Her labours have been richly blessed, and we have been able to rejoice over many souls being won for God. A number have been enrolled as Soldiers, and on Saturday night six took their stand as Local Officers. May God bless the dear comrades, and make them a blessing to the Corps.—G. A., Lieut.

Our work in Nelson is going well. There seems to be a steady advance along the right lines. Six have decided for Christ in the past two weeks and fourteen have consecrated themselves afresh to God for service. Captain and Mrs. Laidlaw are with us, and Captain L. Pogue, a former Soldier of this Corps paid us a visit lately. Brother Radcliff often sings "God is going to build up Nelson Corps." Our faith is rising.—A. B. B.

A CORDIAL RECEPTION.

**Soldiers Pledge Themselves to be True
to New Leaders.**

On Oct. 19th, Staff-Capt. Hay was at Stratford, and introduced our new Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Trickey. We gave them a cordial reception, and all pledged ourselves to do our best to make their stay with us one that should and could be owned by God in the salvation of precious souls.

The Sunday meetings were conducted by the Ensign, and were well attended, especially at night. Two souls came out for consecration in the morning and two young lads sought salvation at night. We are going in for a real good winter's soul-saving time, and we are believing that God will answer prayer and give us all the desire of our hearts.—E. C.

BLESSED BY TESTIMONIES.

Bright and Lively Meetings.

Adjutant and Mrs. Gilem led the meetings at Brantford all day on Sunday. We are glad because of the good times they had at the Councils and of the blessings that they received. The Adjutant told how he had got blessed by hearing the Soldiers testify in the Holiness meeting. Real lively free-and-easy in the afternoon, bright singing and good testimonies. Band is progressing favourably and getting along splendidly with the citizens. The Junior Soldier side of things is also looking up. Adjutant has ordered a Drum and Fife Band for the Junior lads, so we are anticipating great times in the near future for the Young People.

Powerful salvation meeting at night. The truth was pressed home and the power of God was felt in the meeting, for six souls surrendered.—Sergeant George Taylor.

At a recent open-air meeting in Brandon, a man came into the ring from the outside crowd, and knelt down in the road and cried to God to pardon his sins. He rose up a new creature in Christ. Lieut. Boorman has farewelled. She will be greatly missed. During her stay she has proved herself to be a child of God, and a means of much blessing. Our new Barracks is being reared up gradually, and very soon we hope to conduct our services there.—G. Dimsdale, C. C.

The Harvest Festival meetings at Lethbridge were a great success, and the target was smashed. Good, powerful meetings were held all day on Sunday, and good crowds attended. Two souls were converted. The new converts are keeping to the front, and testify for Christ at the open-air. The Sunday school has been started again. Our Officers, Captain Rickard and Captain Adams, are working hard for souls.—H. Dawson.

IN THE MINERS' TOWN.

**Cheer-Up Brigade Spends a Month
There.**

Since my last report we have spent one month with Ensign and Captain Horwood and comrades at Rossland, B. C. Splendid crowds and finances were the order of the day, and considerable interest was manifested in our S. A. War. Several backsliders got right with God, and one night we had the joy of seeing seven young men seeking and obtaining God's forgiveness, and deliverance from their sins. We finished our month in Rossland by having a large Junior entertainment and coffee and cake social, which netted over \$40. The Rossland Miner, a daily newspaper, through the manager's kindness, did us good service, and deserves our hearty thanks. We are now at Grand Forks, where we mean to do our best for God and The Army.—G. S. Johnstone, Captain.

A LOYAL GREETING.

**Soldiers Rally Round New Officers
and Win Great Victories.**

We are having victory along with God's richest blessing here at Wingham. Last Wednesday night we welcomed our new Officers, Captains Andrew and Pease. The Band turned out to meet them at the station, after which we had a good talk from Captain Andrew. One soul at a prayer meeting (cottage.)

On the 17th we had a rousing open-air; Band at full strength, and at the inside meeting we were richly blessed by our Officers' talk; but best of all, one soul got converted, who was formerly a Candidate. After the meeting a surprise awaited our Officers, in the shape of a welcome tea, which was done up in good Army style, at our Band Sergeant's.

On Sunday morning five souls sought sanctification. Captain Pease gave a straight talk in the afternoon and at night six souls cried to God for mercy. One young woman, after rising from the Penitent-form, went straight to her sister and dealt with her about her soul.

In the farewell meetings of Ensign and Mrs. Banks, one young man found the Saviour and is taking his stand with us.—Fred Calvert.

We are having glorious times at Steliarton, under the leadership of Captain McKim and Lieutenant Butler. Since their coming in our midst thirteen souls have been saved and six new Soldiers have been enrolled and have taken their stand for God. We regret very much that our Officers are farewelling, but our prayer is that God's blessing will follow them.—P. S.

Captain Ash, our G. B. M. Agent, gave us a very interesting magic lantern service at Digby, N. S. on Saturday night, entitled, "Wee Davie." The Captain also conducted the meetings all day on Sunday, and we had glorious times.—C. C.

North Head is still alive and having victory.

We had our Harvest Festival Sale on October 12th and came off with good success. We have reached our target.—Dewdrop.

LONG, WIDE, AND DEEP.

Represented By Three Brothers.

The meetings at Winnipeg Citadel are well attended and souls are being saved. On Saturday we had a meeting of a novel kind, entitled the "Length, Breadth and Depth of No. 1. Corps." Brothers Lyons, Moore and Jefferson took the leading part. (See page 6.)

"Home Religion," was Adjutant Byer's subject on Sunday morning and his remarks were very helpful. In the evening Mrs. Stevens, of the Christian Alliance, gave an address, and seven souls came to God.

Much favourable comment as to the playing of our Band is being heard on all sides.

THEIR FIRST OFFICER.

They Feel Proud of Him.

We have again been favoured with a visit from Major Morehen at Londonderry, N. S. It rained in torrents, but we held an open-air and inside meeting and those who were there enjoyed it immensely.

On Thursday night we held a Junior Jubilee, which everyone thought was fine. The children all did remarkably well.

Lieutenant DeRoach is spending the week-end with us on his way to the Councils in Halifax. Everybody was delighted to see him. Londonderry is proud of him as he is the first Officer we have sent into the Field from this Corps.—A.

We are still fighting on at Medicine Hat, and are glad to report victory. Open-air and collections are good. Soldiers and converts are doing well. This past week two brothers sought Christ. Captain Davey visited us lately, and favoured us with his stereopticon service, entitled, "One of His Jewels," which was appreciated by all. Captain Johnson has returned after her furlough, and is just as full of fight as ever.—Rover.

We are having good times at Kemptville. On Sunday, October 20th, we had Brothers Gilbert and Biggs, of Smith's Falls, with us, and we appreciated their help very much. Come again soon, comrades. Though we saw no visible results, yet God's Spirit dealt mightily with sinners and backsliders. We are believing that before long we will see a break in the Enemy's ranks. We held our first Soldiers' meeting on Tuesday. God met with us, and we received a great blessing.—Lieut. Torrance, for Capt. M. Davis.

Seafort was favoured with a visit from Mrs. Beggs, of Clinton, during the Councils and her straight Bible talks and music were very much enjoyed by all. We have welcomed Captain Russell and Lieut. Myers, who have come to live and work for God and humanity.—A. B. C.

Our first week-end meetings with our new Officers at Ridgeway were well attended, and the Spirit of God spoke to many. Two prodigals have returned to their Father's fold and we are praying and believing for many more.—J. P., S. M.

CH.ERING THE POOR.

Visit to an Almshouse.

Captain Ash spent the week-end at Sussex, N. B. His lantern service on Saturday night was very interesting and quite a large crowd attended.

The meetings all day Sunday were conducted by the Captain. On Monday night the Captain went to Norton, accompanied by Captain Strothard and Lieut. Godfrey. The Lieutenant addressed the inmates of the almshouse, and all were delighted. He also spoke to a large and appreciative audience in the schoolhouse. They report wonderful times.

The Harvest Festival Sale took place on Monday night, when the sum of \$25.00 was realised.

On Sunday two backsliders returned to God and we are believing for greater things in the near future.—E. M. Doyle.

PROVINCIAL STAFF ASSIST.

Glorious Times of Blessing.

We have had beautiful meetings at St. John's I. all through the week. God drew near in each meeting and blessed our souls. Lieut.-Colonel Rees was with us on Sunday morning and spoke very forcibly on holiness. Major and Mrs. Morris led the afternoon meeting, and we had a glorious time. We had Captain Russell with us in the evening meeting and she sang a beautiful solo. Adjutant Smith gave us a very touching talk on "What shall the Harvest be?" and we had the joy of seeing one soul saved.—Cadet Bugden.

Sussex was favoured with a visit from Captain Morris on Wednesday night, and his singing, music, and speaking were listened to by quite a large audience.

On Sunday night Lieutenant Godfrey, who has been labouring in our midst for the past seven months, said farewell to a well filled house. At the close of the meeting a backslider returned to the fold. We feel sure the Lieutenant has been a blessing to many during his stay in Sussex, and trust that God shall continue to use him in a mighty way, in other fields of labour.—E. M. Doyle.

We are having good times at Mussel Harbour Arm, and God is blessing our efforts. Since Lieutenant White has been with us we have had the joy of seeing a number of souls seek salvation. Last Sunday three comrades were enrolled.—S.M.A. P.

Adjutant Lacey and Ensign Taylor are still with us at Brandon. The work of excavating for the foundation of our new Barracks is almost completed, and we are looking forward anxiously to the time when it will be opened. On Sunday last seven souls knelt at the Cross.—G. Dinsdale, C.C.

We have welcomed Captain and Mrs. McCleod to Newmarket. The meetings were great times of blessing and one soul sought salvation. Major and Mrs. Green visited us on Monday, and two souls came forward at the meeting they conducted.—George Climpson.

We are rejoicing at Dog Bay over the opening of our new building, which we have erected by the help of diers and converts are fighting God and our good friends. Our Soldiers bravely for souls.—Secretary.

A Remarkable Story,

Which Tells How a Bitter Hater of The Army Offered His Sisters \$75,000 to Leave Its Ranks, and How He Ultimately Became a Salvationist Himself.

W E had a very remarkable case of conversion at Omaha, Nebraska, on the afternoon of Sunday, September 22nd. In his testimony the penitent gave an epitome of his life. He related how that when he was still a young man his parents, who were staunch religionists of another persuasion, and trained their children as such, departed this life, leaving in his care three younger sisters. He knew nothing of religion, save the dogmas and creeds of his particular communion. He loved his sisters with a sacred and intense love, and did everything in his power for them, providing the best education he could obtain; in fact, he lived for his sisters. It became necessary for him to make a business trip away from the city, and before going away he gave his sisters into the care of the clergyman of the parish, believing that all would be well. About thirty days transpired before his return, and when he came back he received a blow which proved to be a turning point in his life. While walking up the street thinking of the darling sisters he would meet, he ran across the open-air of The Salvation Army, an organisation which he considered to be the lowest and most contemptible in existence. But on drawing closer, to his horror he saw two of his sisters standing in the row, and afterwards learned that they had joined The Army. To him, this was about the worst thing that could happen, and he was inconsolable. He did his utmost to persuade the girls to leave The Army, but it was all to no purpose. The remaining sister joined the ranks, and finally all three entered the Training Home. Our brother's heart was now completely broken, and from that time on there appeared to him nothing to live for; he cared not for God, religion or anything else. His contempt for The Army changed to the bitterest hatred, because it had robbed him of those whom he cherished so much. He refused to communicate or have anything to do with his sisters, and had not heard from them since, except on the first of every year, when he learned through their god-mother whether they were living or not.

The business he had pursued was thrown aside, and he began to journey round the world, filled with despair. In his travels he visited Alaska, prospected for gold in the Klondyke region, and returned with a fortune of \$75,000.

While in possession of this wealth, he became imbued with the faint hope that it would help him to get his sisters out of The Salvation Army, and so informed them through their godmother, that if they would only give up The Army, every cent of the \$75,000 would be theirs.

To his consternation, the sisters replied that there was not enough money coming from Alaska to induce them to forsake the path they had chosen.

Despondency fastened itself anew upon him and he sought relief in drink. Melancholy and dejected, not caring what happened, he stepped out of an Omaha hotel. About the first person he saw was a member of the "Cetestable" organisation which had blighted his life—a Salvationist. He turned a corner to get out of the way but almost immediately met another Salvationist. The manœuvre was repeated, but with the same result. This was too much, and, not knowing where he was going, he turned another corner, and found himself before The Salvation Army Hall.

He could not tell us what it was that caused him to enter the Hall, except that he was impelled by some unseen influence.

During the meeting he began to ponder over his life, and wonder whether he or his sisters had had the best of it, and how it was that his sisters could so persistently withstand his pleading and continue in The Salvation Army. There must be something in it, he thought, about which he knew nothing, for were not all Salvationists happy?

Our comrade could not understand it; and determined to fathom what to him was a mystery; he wended his way to the Mercy Seat, crying for enlightenment and peace. When he arose from his knees he testified that he was a changed man, and that he was going to inquire and study about this wonderful salvation. He told us that though he did not know the whereabouts of his sisters, or their names, even (for they had all married and were Officer's wives) he was going to send a telegram right away to their godmother, so that she might tell the good news to them, be reconciled, and try to make restitution for all the sorrow and pain that he, in his ignorance, had caused. Thank God for this one soul!—A. R. Hodgson, in American "War Cry."

The War is still going on in Odessa, and God is blessing our efforts. On Sunday God came very near to us, and one precious soul sought and found salvation.—Lieutenants Pringle and Case.

Simcoe is looking up a bit. On Sunday last Adjutant Walker, who was converted here twenty-three years ago, gave us some stirring talks, and altogether we had a grand time.

Our Band, numbering thirteen, is going ahead under Bandmaster Knight. Ensign and Mrs. Baird are real fighters, and we trust they feel at home, as we do.—P. S.-M. Dalton.

BANDMASTER STILL ALIVE.

Woodstock, N. B. I am not dead yet, but "Sunny Jim" gave me a rest. We are again settled down to business after The General's meetings in St. John. Woodstock was well represented, about twenty altogether went down to hear that Grand Old Man. Oh, what a blessing did we receive, just to look upon The General, without hearing him at all "was enough." God bless The General—long may he live.

Our meetings are good here. We had blessed times last Saturday night and Sunday. Five precious souls were captured from the enemy's ranks, among them an ex-Bandmaster. "Oh, God, keep him true." Ensign Martin, and Captain Porter are doing a great work in Woodstock. The Bandmaster is rejoicing over having received help on the cornet in the person of Brother Johnson, from the Old Country, an expert cornet player and good musician. God bless him. He comes in to great advantage.

THEIR OLD LIEUTENANT.

Comes Back After Many Years.

Since our last report from Westville, one soul has found salvation. Ensign and Mrs. Carter were welcomed on Saturday, and we had some blessed week-end meetings.

A large audience gathered on Sunday night and the Ensign spoke with power. Everyone was glad to see Mrs. Carter again, as she was once stationed here as Lieutenant.

Our Brass Band is doing well under the leadership of Bandmaster Henderson. Our prayers follow our late Officers, Captains Hebb and McKervie. During the seven months they were here they did a good work and won many victories, and endeared themselves to all.—J. Hamilton.

Souls are still being saved at Tilt Cove, and God is pouring out His Spirit upon us. The people listen attentively to the truths of the Gospel and many are under deep conviction.—H. Dicks.

The open-air work at Gananoque is going ahead. Every Sunday we have large numbers of people standing around us and several have been recently converted. Captain and Mrs. Owens are leading us on.

The General Himself Again.

(Continued from page 9.)

giving, for The General is indeed himself again.

The General humorously remarked to Mayor Guthrie, who was not well, "We are two wounded men, Mr. Mayor, but two wounded men may make one sound man."

This sadly acted as a first dash of sauce for the spiritual feast that followed.

The audience was very thoughtful and sympathetic and clearly appreciated The General's presence and addresses.

Keep praying for our Leader. Apparently there is nothing to prevent his completing the tour that has been mapped out for him. God be praised.

He took the night express to Washington, where he will lecture in the first Congregational Church, and also meet President Roosevelt.—Commis-sioner Nicol.

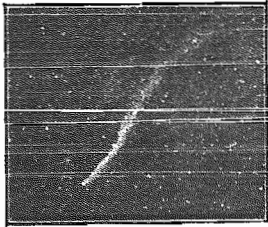
ONE ENCOURAGED ANOTHER.

Last Sunday Captain Warren, of Summerside, P. E. I., farewelled. We had a glorious wind up, and two souls found pardon. One, a young girl, volunteered out to the Mercy Seat and was saved and sanctified. She promised, too, that should God open the way for her to serve Him in The Army, she would go. This surrender encouraged another young woman, and she, too, walked boldly to the Penitent-form.

Our Harvest Festival effort proved a success, and we were enabled to raise over \$20.00 for the repairs to our Barracks.

Comets and Their Mysteries.

The Heavens Declare the Glory of God; and the Firmament Sheweth His Handiwork.



Brooks's Comet in 1893, Showing Tail Broken Supposedly by Collision With a Swarm of Meteors.

IN the Summer of the present year, astronomers observed through their powerful telescopes, a faint blurred spot in the Northern heavens. It rapidly increased in brightness, and in about a month was plainly visible to the naked eye. A few months later it was as dazzling as a star of the second magnitude and was easily recognised as a comet. In the early hours of the morning, from two o'clock until dawn, it was a conspicuously beautiful object, particularly during the first week in September.

According to the calculations of the scientists, its head had a diameter of 236,000 miles, which means that it was nearly thirty times larger than the earth. It had a tail which was at least twenty million miles in length and travelled at the rate of sixty miles a second. On September 4th the comet whirled around the sun and a fortnight later it retreated so far from the earth that it could be seen only with difficulty. By the end of September, the telescope alone could detect it, and thus it made its exit as modestly as it had entered.

A Strange Phenomenon.

A comet is first seen as a hazy patch of light, frequently without any appendage. As it speeds toward the sun it throws out first, jets or streamers, and eventually its luminous tail, which increases in length and brightness as the sun is approached, and which trails behind like the smoke of a steamer. When the comet whirls around the sun, something very amazing happens. The tail no longer floats behind, but actually precedes the nucleus, just as if a mighty wind were blowing it from the sun. By all the laws of gravitation, it should always point toward the sun. Yet some strange solar force, more powerful even than gravitation, must repel it from the sun. Only within the last few years has the riddle of that unknown force been solved. Two undreamed-of sources of power have been discovered to which we may attribute all the vagaries of a comet's tail. Of these, the one is the pressure of light, and the other the electrical repulsion of the sun.

A Transparent Luminary.

The question may arise, how can such a vast body sweep through the solar system without deranging every planet? Fortunately for the preservation of the stars, a comet, so far from being a compact mass, is often transparent. Stars have been distinctly seen through the tail of a comet, and even through the nucleus, as the head is called. In structure, the tail is a gossamer of molecules, so ghostly, that in comparison, the flimsiest of bridal veils is coarsely dense and the thinnest haze that hovers on the horizon is an impenetrable black-

et. Hundreds of cubic miles of a comet's tail are probably outweighed by a jarful of air. A plume of such fairy lightness can hardly be supposed to remain permanent, and so it is not astonishing to find that during its swift journey around the sun, a comet's outlines are constantly changing. An interval of a few hours may work wonders in the appearance of a comet.

What Are Comets?

From all known facts, astronomers have concluded that the head of a comet is merely a mass of meteors, easily dispersed into small groups, and distributed gradually along the path of travel until the whole is extinguished.

It was observed that a comet which appeared in 1826 split into two parts and reappeared as a curious double comet twenty years later. When it came back again in 1852, the two parts had drifted away from each other, and were separated by about a million miles. Since then, the comet has disappeared. Every six-and-a-half years the earth crosses the path of this lost comet, and meteoric showers then rain upon us. Another great comet of 1892, literally lost its head by breaking into four portions, each of which will some day form a separate comet.

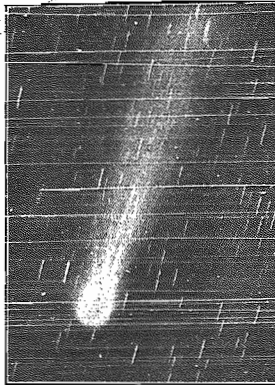
Another link in this chain of testimony, is presented by the chemical composition of meteorites, which have found their way to the earth—a composition which agrees exactly with that of a comet.

What the Spectroscope Reveals.

By means of an instrument called the spectroscope, which enables a chemist to identify any element by its light when heated to incandescence, comets have been magically transported to our laboratories and analyzed with nearly as much accuracy as if they were stones picked up in the road. This scientific sorcery has taught us that the composition of a

comet is not unlike that of the blue flame of our gas stoves. In a word, a comet consists chiefly of hydrogen and carbon combined—what chemists term hydrocarbons. As the comet dashes toward the sun, and its temperature consequently rises, the spectroscope reveals the presence of iron, magnesium, and other metals in the nucleus. With a closer approach to the sun, the hydrocarbons split up into hydrogen gas and hydrocarbons of a higher boiling point. Finally, a time comes when these more refractory hydrocarbons in turn decompose into free carbon in the form of soot. Because the interstellar spaces are airless the soot cannot burn, but must accompany the comet in the form of a very fine dust. This dust, propelled away from the sun by radiation pressure, constitutes the tail of many a comet.

How large are the meteorites which



The Daniel's Comet, Taken With the Great Yerkes Telescope.

In photographing a comet, the telescope is timed to move exactly with the comet. Hence, in this picture the comet appears sharp and the stars as streaks of light.

constitute a comet? From all that we can judge, their size may vary from a grain to several tons. The shoal of meteorites or "shooting stars" through which the earth ploughs in Autumn, are certainly but mere grains of matter, heated to brightness by the friction of the earth's atmosphere. Of such grains a comet is chiefly composed.

An Extraordinary Dog.

Regularly Calls on the Surgeon to be Operated On.

A veterinary surgeon, Mr. Stevenson, M. R. C. V. S., tells the following story of canine sagacity. One evening a gentleman brought to his surgery a beautiful Japanese collie dog, which was suffering from a serious and painful affection of the left ear. He operated on the animal, which was then taken by its master to his home over a mile away.

On the following evening the dog found its way unaccompanied to the surgery, and, as soon as the door was opened, jumped up on the operating table, and waited until the veterinary surgeon could attend to it. Mr. Stevenson examined the ear, and poured in some lotion, and the dog immediately left and went home. Every evening since, punctually at eight o'clock, the dog has visited the surgery in the same manner, and submitted to the same process, which, says Mr. Stevenson, must be a painful one, and has then gone home again. The owner has not accompanied the dog once since the first evening, and the animal is still under treatment. Mr. Stevenson says that, in the course of a somewhat lengthy experience, he has never met a case like this before, for, as a rule, when a dog has once been on the operating table, it is only with great difficulty that it can be induced to enter the surgery again.

"THE MAN IN THE CROWD."

How Brantford Corps Seeks to Reach Him.

It's the man in the crowd, the stranger in the street, the fellow without friends and influence—it is this man whom the Salvation Army of Brantford, and Canada, and the world, seeks.

And the conquest is ever going on, improving as the years go by, and gaining in force and volume by the inauguration of new plans and the exertion of greater effort.

The Latest Plan.

What, in Brantford, is the very latest method of work to be introduced by the Salvation Army, an organization which is now an established and recognized force in the community?

It is the introduction of the "Brantford Songsters."

The Songsters are an auxiliary to and at the same time a part of the local Army corps. All of the members are trained and capable singers, and constitute an important adjunct to the regular band in connection with the Army corps.

The Movement.

The movement for a Songsters' brigade was launched in March of 1907 by Adjutant Bloss, who was then in charge of Brantford. From the outset it appears the innovation was a popular feature, a fact attested by the rapid growth which attended the organization. A most efficient leader was found in the person of Mr. Walter Johnson, who resides at 129 George Street, and is justly proud of his associates, who number about 25.

The Object.

These singers can be of much practical value at local meetings, for by their selections they prove a power of attraction to the people, and lend the Army services a new interest and charm. Not alone do they confine their efforts to Brantford, but are ready and willing to lend their services in outside centres whenever they may be required—Brantford Expositor.

"TALK LIKE MOTHER DOES."

A South African Incident.

The last race is finished, and the rush to the gates begins. They are thrown open, and the people rush out to catch a train or carriage.

"Remember the Salvation Army Hospital please!"

"Stone broke, sister!"

"Lost all; I must walk home!"

"Only sixpence left for the train!"

A number, however, give some remarking. "Yes, I always help the red cross!"

There comes the young man again, still a little more drunk.

"I lost, sister; here is my card—No. 17 did not win. I have, however, won a little, and here is half a crown."

"Sir, do you know that the gambler loses at the end?"

"Yes, that is so."

"Perhaps you have someone at home who depends upon you and needs your money?"

"Yes, I have my old mother at home, and I send her money every month, but I do not send her this money. I am an electrician, and the money I earn with (here he wipes imaginary perspiration from his forehead) I send to my mother."

"So, you are ashamed to let her know you go to these places?"

"Yes, she does not know."

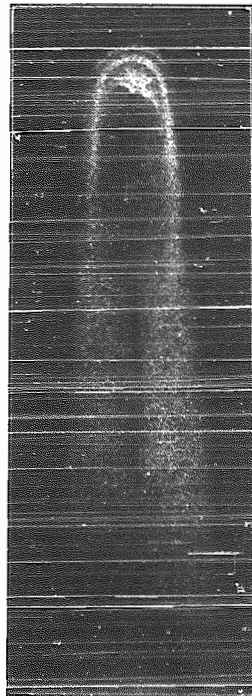
"My dear friend, don't come against you will soon lose your character and what is more of value, your soul. Ask the Lord to help you and begin to live for Him."

"You talk like my mother does—she is a Christian."

"God bless you, my brother! Take heed to her words!"—South African War Cry.

His Footprints.

Somebody once asked an Arabian, as he sat in his tent in the desert, "How do you know there is a God?" He responded, "How do I know whether it was a man or a camel that went by my tent last night? The answer was given, 'By the footprints.' The Arab replied, 'That is the way I know God. I know Him by His footprints. They are all around me.'



Goggia's Comet of 1874, Showing Clearly the Nucleus and the Coma, or Head, From Which the Tail Streams Away.



OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER



BELGIUM.

The Army's work is growing in public favour in Belgium. An interesting evidence of this comes from Lodenlinhart, where a doctor was recently called to visit a young woman who was, unfortunately, the victim of drunkenness and vice. He told her that she was more in need of moral than physical assistance, and he would, therefore, send someone to speak to her. Leaving her, he went to the Captain of the local Corps; explained the circumstances, and asked her to visit the young woman and look after her. This, of course, the Captain gladly did.

Another sign of progress is seen in the fact that Brigadier Miche is announced to swear in twenty Soldiers.

SWEDEN.

Commissioner Rees has just completed his preliminary Self-Denial Tour, visiting every Division in his Territory. In a personal letter to the Chief Secretary he states that the tour has been very successful, both as regards the public and private meetings; he also writes saying he is delighted with the spirit of the Officers throughout the country. There were packed meetings in nearly every place; enthusiasm prevailed.

Permission to collect in the streets for the Self-Denial Fund has been granted The Army in Stockholm, Norrköping, Upsala, and Gelfo. In some of the cities the permission is limited to one day only, but in others it extends over the whole week, viz., from October 20th to 26th. This is a gratifying improvement when one remembers that permission to collect in the streets was obtained for Stockholm only last year.

A small party of Officers for India has had a most successful send-off at the Temple, Christiania. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Mapp were present, and gave the meetings a distinctly Indian flavor.

NORWAY.

The municipal authorities of Trondjem have very kindly handed over to our Women's Social branch another house for the use of our work amongst children. The house will be used as a sort of children's Shelter. Lieut.-Colonel Maidment writes that there are often cases where the town authorities turn to our Officers with a request that they will take children for a few days or weeks, whilst, perhaps, the parents are in the hands of the law; or there may be some other circumstances, such as poverty, owing to sickness, or want of work, where the authorities step in to help the children. There is every hope that this development of The Army's Slum Work in Trondjem will meet with success. The Shelter is, although only a small affair, a good start. Brigadier Anderson has safely returned to Headquarters after an extended and successful tour in the North. The Brigadier traveled 4,050 miles, held about 100 meetings, and saw fifty souls saved. Some of the most successful gatherings were those held for Young People.

JAPAN.

Mrs. Commissioner Estill is already exerting herself in the interests of the women of Japan. She recently invited all the women Officers in Tokyo, both foreign and Japanese, to a special gathering, at which she laid before them her plans. The idea is to select suitable neighborhoods and get someone to lend a room in a private house for a meeting once a week. Three districts



Donkey Rides at Slum Outing.

Our picture shows Mrs. Colonel Lawley and the Children at Epping Forest.

have been selected, and operations have commenced in real earnest.

In connection with the Labor Bureau and Cheap Lodgings, a Japanese gentleman has rented a house, and is making alterations and renovations to the extent of 1,700 yen, with a view to placing the premises at the Army's disposal free of charge.

Commissioner Estill has just conducted the installation of Brigadier Yamamuro as Chief Secretary and Major Orr as Field Secretary. The meeting took place at the Church in the district of Shiba, specially hired for the occasion. A large congregation was interested and enthusiastic. Brigadier Yamamuro was received with evident pleasure, as also was the new Field Secretary. Seven souls were won for the Kingdom.

The following extract from a letter received from Staff-Captain Yabuki with reference to the recent fire at Hakodate will be read with interest.

"The destruction of Hakodate by fire was truly as complete as it was unexpected. Both our Rescue Home and Barracks were reduced to ashes in the general conflagration. The fire originated at a point extremely opposite to where our Rescue Home is situated, and the Officers in charge of the Rescue

ner she made her way to the Rescue Home. The flames, however, rolled on, and soon the Rescue Home, too, was completely demolished.

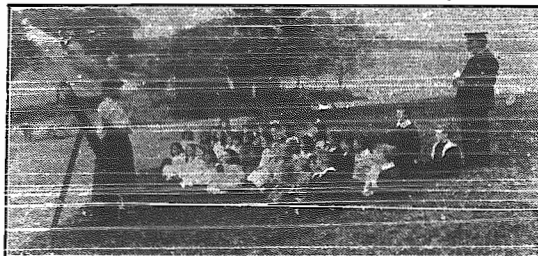
"The Rescue Officer, Adjutant Pearson, hurriedly packed together the books of the Home, and her uniform, along with her concertina, and, putting all into a basket, escaped to the hills behind the Home. The Soldiers of the Corps rendered noble services, being utterly forgetful of themselves, and doing everything in their power to render assistance wherever necessary.

"The Officers have manifested the spirit of true Salvationists in forgetting themselves, and caring first for the welfare of the books and such other property as it was possible to save. Their actions and spirit in this trying time have made a great impression."

SOUTH AFRICA.

Acting Commissioner Richards, who has been visiting The Army's Farm at Caneelo, expresses his satisfaction at the condition of things. The crops, he says, are all well advanced, and there are prospects of a good harvest.

A fine hall has just been opened at Heilbron, O.R.C.I. The Mayor presided, and was supported by a number



The Hadleigh Colony School.
Giving a Class an Out-door Lesson.

Home went forth to see what assistance they could render to the Corps. But even at the Corps it seemed at first unlikely that the fire would touch that quarter, as it was still a good distance away. However, owing to the fact that a strong wind was blowing at the time the flames spread rapidly, and soon our barracks was enveloped.

"At this juncture, Captain Babbettes, the Corps Officer, seized the Colours, and, wrapping them around her waist, made good her escape, holding the Corps Books in her hands. In this man-

ner of the leading townfolk. General satisfaction was expressed with the building, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rauch, the Chief Secretary, who attended officially, reports that the Corps is in good spirits, and that the outlook is encouraging.

The Chief Secretary further reports that, although he is not in a position to give any definite information concerning the General and Social Appeal, yet there are indications that the result will be successful.

Lieut.-Colonel Johnson and the Officer at Pearson Settlement have been

kept busy since the recent visit of Commissioner Richards. The building operations then sanctioned are progressing satisfactorily, and farming work is being pushed forward.

The sum of £50 (\$250) has been placed on the Pretoria Municipal Estimates as a grant towards the Prison-Gate-Home and Shelter in that city.

FRANCE.

The Men's Shelter in Paris is crowded every night, and supplementary beds have to be put up.

Our Officers at Le Havre are diligent by visiting the people from door to door. This, and their frequent attendance at one of the city hospitals, is exercising a helpful influence upon the townsfolk.

At Grenoble, a family of gypsies are among the recent converts. Work has been found for them in the town, and they are getting on well.

The Officer in charge of Bordes Corps, near the Spanish frontier, has visited the fairs and exhibitions in four counties, selling five hundred copies of the "En Avant" ("War Cry") personally, and dealing with the people.

Preparations are well in hand in Paris for the Annual Week of Self-Denial in France. There are great expectations for a most successful effort.

HOLLAND.

The House for Boys, newly opened, near Utrecht (Holland), has an interesting, if not romantic, history. The property belonged to a gentleman who was anxious to dispose of it, and consequently offered it for sale.

The highest bidder was the mayor of the town, who, however, offered a price considerably below the reserve, and the vendor, in a fit of irritation, said he would rather give the property to The Salvation Army than let it go out of his hands at such a price! On sober reflection, the excellent appropriateness of his suggestion, made in the heat of the moment, occurred to him, and The Army became the grateful possessors of the property.

INDIA.

An Anti-Drink Crusade is being vigorously pushed in the Guzerat and Western India Territory. A large number of pledges have been signed, and a good finish up is anticipated.

Good news comes from the Marathi Territory. Writing from Satara, Brigadier Jivannandham says that at Mangalore, a village just opened as an Outpost, twelve of the leading men came forward and sought and obtained salvation.

At Padli there were ten captures, in spite of an old priest's protest. At Shirdan, eighteen souls came to the penitent-form and found deliverance. Similar results are also received from Koregaon, Examba, and Pundoda.

At Shirdan, a piece of land, big enough to build Officers' Quarters thereon, was offered to The Army free, and arrangements are being made to take this over.

FINLAND.

The seventeenth Finnish Congress was opened in Helsinki for with a great public welcome to the Officers, conducted by Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Howard.

At the public meetings the buildings were filled to their utmost capacity, and 163 seekers forced their way through the crowded aisles to the mercy seat. There were some very interesting surrenders.

The Bugler of the "Barker."

A SHORT SERIAL STORY.

A NAVAL STORY OF GREAT INTEREST AND UNUSUAL CHARACTER.

WELL, if this isn't the most dismal hole I ever struck, my name's not Powell. What with the baking heat, the dreary old sand heaps, the bad smells, the clouds of coal-dust, and the constant jabbering of those dusky maniacs over there, life doesn't seem worth living. Roll on the time when the 'Barker' goes to sea and I get a good whiff of the briny once more."

Thus ran the thoughts of one of His Britannic Majesty's Jack Tars, as he sat disconsolately on the edge of the "Basin du Commerce," in the Egyptian town of Port Said, one sultry afternoon.

"Ho there, Duffy, what you lookin' so black at?" sounded a voice in his ear. The sailor started from his reverie and looked around to see who was addressing him by his familiar nick-name.

A tall figure, with a face as black as the coal that lay in the barges alongside the ships, was standing over him, with a broad grin expanding his features and revealing his shining ivory teeth. He was clad in dirty calico garments and on his head was a red fez that had seen better days. A livid scar extending from his left ear, in no wise improved his appearance, and he looked just what he was, a ferocious, half-savage, Soudanese, who had fought under Kitchener Pasha against the Khalifa, and was now roaming from place to place, picking up a livelihood by working occasionally at coal-heaving, sand-dredging, camel driving, and perhaps going off now and again with a caravan across the deserts.

"Why, hello, Tom Dollar, where did you spring from?" said Duffy, as we shall now call him, springing to his feet and grasping the good-natured black giant by the hand.

"Oh jus' come from Cairo," replied Tom.

"And what were you doing there, you black scamp?" asked Duffy, who was on pretty familiar terms with Tom.

"Gettin' plenty of backsheesh," grinned Tom; "lots ob ladies want climb big pyramid—Tom show 'em how. Oh, lot ob money in dat game."

"Whatever brought you to this sun-scorch'd, dirty place, then, if you were doing so well at Cairo?" said the sailor, astonished that anyone could deliberately choose to live at such a town, when he might be enjoying himself on the bank of the Nile.

"I heard you was here, Duffy, and I come 'fo' see yo'," answered the Soudanese, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "Oh, fiddlesticks, you can't stuff me up with that yarn, Tom. I'll be bound you got into a row, and had to run away to escape getting into jail. That would be nearer the truth. I expect," said the blunt sailor from which it may be surmised that he held a very poor opinion of Tom's truthfulness or honesty.

"You must be a thought-reader,"

grinned the ugly savage; "but nebber mind dat, how's you fixed for de drinks?"

"I'm dead broke, Tom, and I was just thinking of giving up the booze altogether. Its' getting me into all sorts of scrapes, and I never have any money left after settling up the grog bills."

"Oh, nebber say die," said Tom, who was a confirmed rum drinker, and had had many a wild carouse with the seamen of the Mediterranean Fleet. "Come and have something to keep your courage up, and to-night we'll have a merry time when the others get ashore."

Duffy accompanied his strange friend to a neighbouring grog shop, and over the glasses they exchanged stories of their doings since last they met. Tales of wild carousals, hair-

to poor Duffy as he slept, each with his knife ready for instant use should resistance be offered. Robbery was their evident motive and the Greek proprietor of the grog shop was probably an accomplice. They must have thought that the black man had gone or that he would not interfere with their designs at any rate, but they reckoned wrong for once. Though Tom was a most unscrupulous sort of a scamp, without any principles and never bothered by conscience, yet he had learned one good thing through his contact with the white soldiers, and that was to stand by a chum in danger. With a wild yell, therefore, that would have scared a host of Derivishes, he sprang to his feet, and, grasping a table, he hurled it at the intruders, bottles, glasses and all.

The sleeping sailor awoke with a

any chance to say yes or no, whole three hustled Duffy off his feet, leaving Tom, the Greek, the policeman to settle the argument.

"What port are you making for, shipmates?" asked Duffy, who had got some distance from the

He recognised in one of the men a leading seaman who was one of the "Wee-Wee Party," as Naird designate those amongst them who are inclined to be religious, and got a bit suspicious that perhaps they were taking him off to a prayer meeting. The other two, however, were reckless and godless but still he wondered what their business could be in accompanying him as a pilot that afternoon.

"The fact of the matter is," said the Marine, a jolly young fellow whose worst fault was that he

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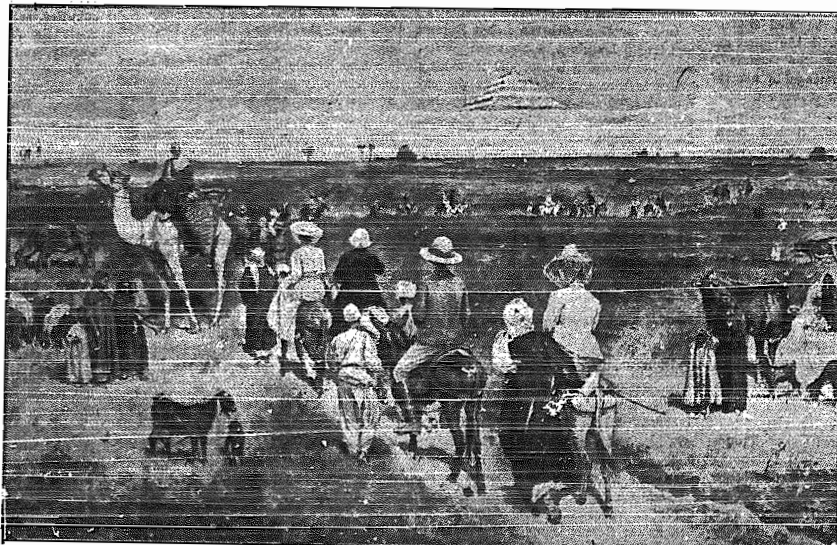
(To be continued.)

THE CONCERTINA.

A Handy Instrument for a Salvation

The first good point about the concertina which we note is its simplicity, the comparative ease with which it can be manipulated. Many of us would much like to be able to produce music on any one of the brass instruments which comprise a band, but have uttered a very determined "No!" although in the case it has inserted a saving clause, allowing him to understand and apply the principles governing their construction and use, the methods of fingering, etc., to make him of some little use in teaching people to play brass instruments. Some musicians, although during the early part of their career, do good work as band teachers, have been peremptorily compelled to discontinue the use of the brass owing to a disastrous effect produced upon their throats and chests by wind instruments, mainly through a wrong method of playing. The concertina on the other hand, gives delicate people a chance of doing good work as band teachers, and poses no strain upon the throat.

—Australian War Cry.



"Lots ob Ladies Want Climb Big Pyramid!—Tom Show 'Em How."

breadth escapes, sand-storms in the desert and hurricanes at sea formed the topic of their conversation for a good hour, until what with the fumes of the tobacco and the effect of the liquor he had drunk, poor Duffy began to ramble incoherently in his remarks, and in the story he was telling he mixed caravans and warships, camels and boats, waterspouts and sand-pillars in inextricable confusion, until he finally sunk his head on the table and went to sleep.

The Soudanese uttered an exclamation of surprise when he saw Duffy's head drop on the table. "Yo very soon done, mate," he granted; nebber mind, you soon get ober dat, and you shall play the music for us to-night." But the only reply of the unconscious sailor was a loud snore.

Tom arose from the table, and going to a dark corner settled himself comfortably down for a short nap till his friend somewhat recovered himself. About ten minutes passed in silence, and then the keen senses of the son of the desert detected a stealthy footstep. His instincts of self-preservation made him all alert in a moment, though he never altered his position nor so much as moved his head.

"Maltese," he uttered under his breath, and cautiously he now turned his gaze in the direction from which the sound came. Three hang-dog looking scoundrels were sneaking up

stair. "Hello there, clear the decks for action," he called out, and hardly knowing what he was about, he caught hold of the Greek and started to pummel him with all his might. An officer of the law, in a red fez and a white jacket, hearing the commotion, now came running in, gesticulating wildly and keeping up an incessant jabber. He immediately wanted to arrest Duffy, thinking it was he who was the cause of the quarrel, and the Greek loudly demanded that his assailant should be marched off to the police station. The Soudanese, interfered, however, and said that the policeman should give chase to the three Maltese, who by this time had got far away from the scene of the disturbance. In the height of the discussion of the affair, three of Duffy's shipmates happened to pass by, and seeing he was in trouble over something, they stopped to enquire the reason.

"Hello, Duffy! What's up?" shouted one of them, a young private in the Marines.

"Don't know, mates," replied Duffy, "only this 'ere red and white feller wants to lock me up for something or other."

"Oh, well soon fix him," said the Marine. "Look here, Johnny," addressing the policeman, "we'll look after that chap if you let him come with us," and without giving him

5957. **BAMMAN, HENRY.** Age 35. Single; brown hair; blue eyes; German. Last heard of November, 1905, at Mills P. O., Cal. May have gone to the Klondike. Mother most anxious for news. (See photo.)



Henry Bamman. Ray Kennedy.

6163. **KENNEDY, RAY ELMER CECIL.** Roller pressman by trade. Left his home in September, 1904; last heard of in Los Angeles, Cal. Age 22; medium height; dark brown eyes and hair; one upper front tooth false; dark scar on left cheek. Father died since he left home. Sisters and widowed mother anxious for news concerning him. (See photo.)

6251. **JOHN-SON, JOHN.** Age 31. Height 5 ft. 9 in.; blue eyes; brown hair and moustache; carpenter by trade. Left home in London, June, 1907. No news of him since then. Wife is very anxious for news. (See photo.)



John Johnston.

6257. **HUDSON, DICK,** alias R. T. Blairemore. Age 24; height 5 ft. 10 in.; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. When last heard of was working in the lumber camps near Port Harvey, B.C. Missing eight months. Sister enquires.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin will visit

Midland, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, December 7th, 8th, and 9th. He will also conduct Holiness Meetings at the Temple, on Fridays, November 8th and 15th.

MAJOR SIMCO will visit

Riverdale—Holiness Meeting, Nov. 6. Ligar St.—Holiness Meeting, Nov. 15. Esther St.—Holiness Meeting, Nov. 22. Peterborough, Saturday and Sunday, (November 23 and 24).

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Hurd.

Pembroke, November 11-13; Tweed, Nov. 14; Madoc, Nov. 15, 16; Peterboro, Nov. 17, 18.
Port Hope, November 19; Cobourg, Nov. 20; Picton, Nov. 21; Trenton, Nov. 22, 23; Belleville, Nov. 24, 25.

Captain Davey.

New Westminster, November 12, 13; Victoria, Nov. 14, 15.
Nanaimo, November 16-18; Vancouver, Nov. 19-21; High River, Nov. 27, 28; Calgary, Nov. 29, 30; Red Deer, December 1, 2, 3.

Captain Ash

Sackville, December 9; Amherst, Dec. 10; Springfield, Dec. 11; Parrsboro, Dec. 12, 13; Moncton, Dec. 14, 15.
Campbellton, December 16, 17; New-castle, Dec. 18; Chatham, Dec. 19; Fredericton, Dec. 20; Woodstock, Dec. 21, 22.

Ensign Edwards

Cobalt, November 9-11; Englehart, Nov. 12; Halesbury, Nov. 13-15.
New Liskeard, November 16-18; North Bay, Nov. 19, 20; Sudbury, Nov. 21, 22.

Captain Matler.

Seaforth, November 9-11; Clinton, Nov. 12, 13; Goderich, Nov. 14, 15.
Wingham, Nov. 15-18; Listowel, Nov. 19, 20; Palmerston, Nov. 21, 22.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs' WESTERN TOUR.

COLONEL SOWTON, THE CHIEF SECRETARY,

Will be Present with the Commissioner at Winnipeg only.

WINNIPEG.

Saturday, November 16—Torchlight Procession upon Arrival.

Sunday, November 17—11 a.m., Meeting in the Citadel. 3 p.m., Welcome to Colonel Sowton, the Chief Secretary, in the Dominion Theatre. 7 p.m., "Bethlehem to Calvary."

Monday, November 18—Councils Morning and Afternoon. 8 p.m., Salvation Meeting in the Citadel.

Tuesday, November 19—Officers' Councils.

EDMONTON.

Thursday, November 21—Lecture.

CALGARY.

Friday, November 22—"Bethlehem to Calvary" Service.

VANCOUVER.

Sunday, November 24—Salvation Meetings at 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Monday, November 25—Councils Morning and Afternoon. 8 p.m., "Bethlehem to Calvary" Service in City Hall.

Tuesday, November 26—Councils Morning and Afternoon. 8 p.m., "Bethlehem to Calvary" Service in City Hall, New Westminster.

Thursday, November 28—Installation of new Provincial Officer.

(In connection with the Meetings at Vancouver Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton will Farewell.)

VICTORIA.

Wednesday, November 27—8 p.m., "Bethlehem to Calvary" Service in the A. O. U. W. Hall.

MEDICINE HAT.

Sunday, December 1—Afternoon and Night.

MOOSE JAW.—Monday, December 2.

REGINA.—Tuesday, December 3.

BRANDON.—Wednesday, December 4.

FORT WILLIAM.—Friday, December 6.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Brigadier Howell and Staff-Captain Morris will accompany the Commissioners.

Songs for All Meetings.

Holiness.

Tunes—Madrid, 117; Eagina, 118; Song Book, No. 387.

1 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am,
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, Thy pure love alone;
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my Treasure, and my Crown.

Strange loves far from my heart re-
move,
My every act, word, thought be love.

Tune.—I bring my heart to Jesus,
242; Song Book, No. 372.

2 I bring my heart to Jesus, with
its fears,
With its hopes and feelings, and
its tears;
Him it seeks, and finding it is blest,
Him it loves, and loving, is at rest.
Walking with my Saviour,
Heart in heart, none can part.

I bring my sins to Jesus, as I pray,
That His blood will wash them all
away;
While I seek for favour at His feet,
And with tears His promise still re-
He doth tell me plainly,
peat;

Jesus lives and forgives.
I bring my all to Jesus, He hath seen
How my soul desireth to be clean;

Nothing from His altar I would
To His cross of suffering I would
And the fire descending
Brings to me liberty.

Free and Easy.

Tune.—Sound the battle-cry, B.B.
Song Book, No. 554.

3 Sound the battle-cry! See, the
is nigh,
Raise the standard high, for
Lord;
Gird your Armour on; stand
every one;
Rest your cause upon His
word.

Chorus.

Rouse, then Soldiers! rally round the
banner,
Ready, steady, pass the word along,
Onward, forward, shout aloud, be-
anna!
Christ is Captain of the mighty
throng.

O, Thou God of all, hear us when we
call.
Help us one and all by Thy grace,
When the battle's done, and the vic-
tory won,
May we wear the crown before Thy
face.

Tunes.—Christ for me, 124; Behold
the Lamb, 122; Song Book, No.
325.

4 Come, let us all unite to sing, for
is love,
Let Heaven and earth their praises
bring; God is love;
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake—
God is love.

How happy is our portion here!
His promises our spirits cheer;
He is our Sun and Shield by day,
Our Help, our Hope, our Strength,
and Stay;
He will be with us all the way—
is love.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Confidence, 4; Erian, 6; Song
Book, No. 108.

5 Oh, do not let thy Lord depart
And close thine eyes against the
light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart,
Thou wouldst be saved—why
to-night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time—Oh, then, be wise,
Thou wouldst be saved—why
to-night?

Our God in pity lingers still,
Oh, wilt thou thus His love require?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou wouldst be saved—why
to-night?

Tune.—Bringing in the sheaves, 115
Song Book, No. 116.

6 Sinner thou art speeding down the
deaf, unheeding
Hear the Saviour pleading, haste,
oh, haste, away;
From His mercy turning, dying
still spurning,
Over thee He's yearning, Oh, be
saved to-day.

Chorus.

Coming home to-day, coming home
to-day,
Sinners and backsliders are coming
home to-day;
Coming home to-day, coming home
to-day,
Glory, Hallelujah! they're coming
home to-day.

Often He has called thee to
salvation,
Often He has waited at thy heavy
closed door;
Outside, still He's standing; now He
Spirit's striving,
Will you heed His knocking—let Him
in to-day?